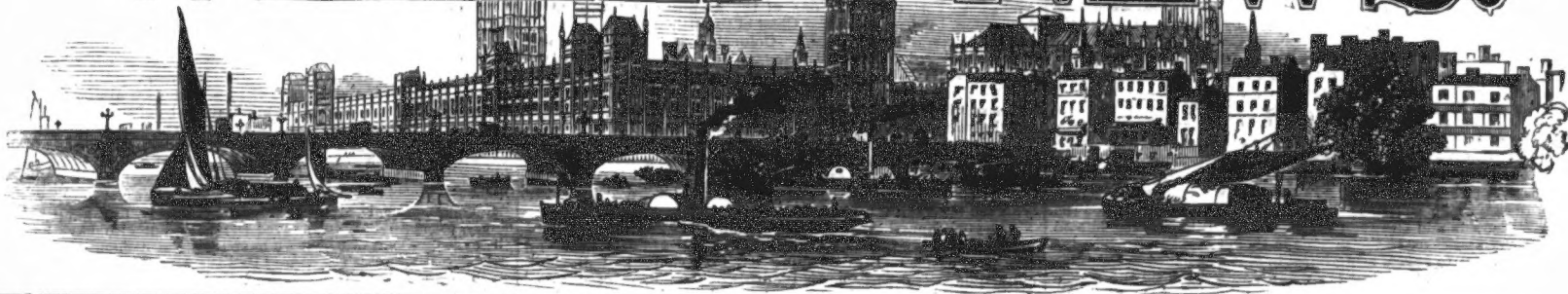


*John Dick 313 Strand*

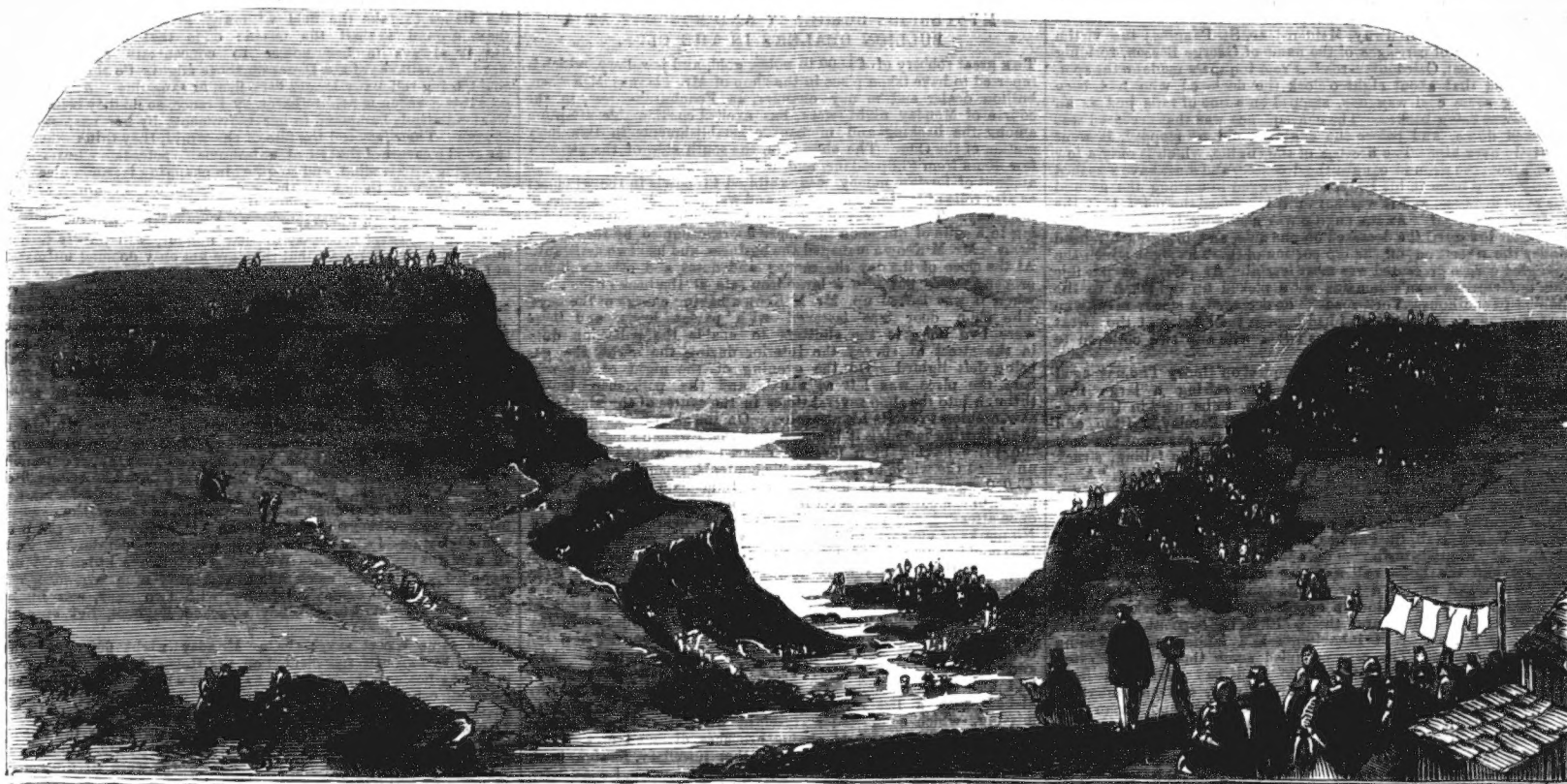
# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 41.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



THE GAP IN THE EMBANKMENT OF THE BRADFIELD RESERVOIR—FUNERAL PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO THE CEMETERY. (See page 647.)



## Notes of the Week.

A TREMENDOUS explosion occurred on Saturday at the Alliance Gas Works, Dublin, about four o'clock. The force of the explosion was so great that the masonry was blown in large quantities into the street nearly fifty yards distance, and there is scarcely a whole pane of glass left in any of the houses within 100 yards of the works. The buildings in Cardiff-street have suffered a good deal in this respect, and the brickwork is so much indented with the missiles that it looks as if it had sustained an attack of musketry. A meeting of the directors of the company was held at their works, Sir John Boyerson's Quay, for the purpose of making inquiries into the cause of the accident. The directors inspected the premises, and it was found that the damage done did not exceed £500, and that the ordinary lighting of the city, &c., by the company would not be interfered with.

A FIRE broke out on Saturday in the premises belonging to Mr. Martin, an oil and colourman, carrying on business at the angle of Middle Searle's-place and Searle-place, a narrow thoroughfare leading into or near Fleet-street. The premises were four floors high, and owing to the quantity of inflammable articles they contained, the fire rapidly spread. Messengers were at once despatched for the aid of the Royal Society's escapes and engines, and in the course of a few minutes Tappin arrived with the St. Clement Danes' escape, and by raising his ladders succeeded in rescuing one person from the adjoining house, which was also on fire. He applied the portable ladders and also the jumping-sheet, but he was too late to render any assistance to the persons in the oil warehouse. The inmates, in order to escape being burnt to death, hastened to the third floor, but instead of closing the doors and waiting till the escape ladders arrived, they made an attempt to jump out of the windows. One woman fell upon her head. She was picked up alive and removed to King's College Hospital, but she died immediately after her admission. Two others jumped from the same floor, and were seriously injured. By half-past ten, two hours after the commencement of the fire, it was nearly extinguished, but not until the premises in which the outbreak began were all but destroyed.

On Saturday an accident of a fatal character, and attended with very appalling circumstances, happened at the coal department of the Great Northern Railway, Maiden-lane, St. Pancras; the victim being a shunter of carriages, of the name of George Beeson, residing in Sidney-street, Caledonian-road. From inquiries made on the spot, it appeared that about eight o'clock the deceased, who had been shunting some coal-waggons, stepped on a line of rails just as an engine was being backed. The consequence was that the engine was knocked down, and before the engine could be stopped, it went partially over him. The fire-box of the engine, which is only a few inches from the ground, caught the deceased, and must have smashed nearly every bone in his body, as it dragged him along the ground for some distance, and it was not until it reached the point that the body was released. As the engine was changing from one line to the other it turned the deceased on one side, and bringing his head under the wheels cut off the top portion of it. The sight which the mangled corpse presented was most fearful. As quickly as possible the unfortunate man's remains were picked up and taken to the Albion public-house, York-road. The deceased, a steady man, who was very much respected, and had been in the employ of the Great Northern Railway for years, has left a wife and two children to lament his untimely loss.

On Saturday, Mr. Payne held an inquest on Henry Thomas, aged twenty-three. Deceased was engaged in raising a large iron column, weighing upwards of three tons, to be used in the construction of the new banking-house of Messrs. Barclay, Tritton, and Co., Lombard-street, on Friday, when two of the chains of the crab to which it was attached broke, and the column, in falling, struck deceased on the head, and killed him on the spot. Verdict, "Accidental death, through the unsoundness of one chain and the insufficiency of the other."

On Monday, an application was made to the licensing magistrate at the Vestry Hall, St. Pancras, for a license for Weston's "Retreat," at Kentish-town. The application created considerable interest, and the large hall was very much crowded. Mr. Sleight and Mr. Polard appeared for the license, supported by a petition of 2,800 persons. Mr. Gordon opposed for Mr. Copestake, churchwarden of St. John's, and the petition in opposition was also signed by a number of inhabitants and landowners, including Lord Dartmouth. The case occupied some time. Mr. Weston had laid out upwards of £20,000, and had granted a lease to his brother, William Weston, at £100 a year, and he undertook not to have music, dancing, or fireworks on the ground, but to open it as a tavern and recreation ground for the future. Mr. Copestake and the Rev. Mr. Fleming were examined. Mr. Sleight made an energetic appeal to the bench, and asked for a "fair trial" for one year, and was confident that the bench would be satisfied by according the license. The magistrates consulted, and the chairman (Mr. Pierce) announced that the license was not granted. Mr. Weston will have a right to appeal to the quarter sessions.

An inquiry was held at the Green-gate Tavern, City-road, by Mr. John Humphreys, Middlesex coroner, on Monday, respecting the death of James Baddick, aged fifty-two years. George Stead, 246 G, said that on Tuesday week he was on duty at half-past ten a.m., in Dudley-court, Central-street. He saw a man lying on the pavement very ill. He had no coat, shoes, or stockings on. He could hardly speak. He said he was quite destitute, and that he had slept in the workhouse the night before, and that his name was James Baddick. He had with him a small bag of leather cuttings, and he was supposed to have been a leather seller. Witness removed him to the workhouse. Inspector Fyfe said that the police had made inquiries, but could ascertain nothing about the deceased. Mr. William Harris, house-surgeon to the St. Luke's workhouse, said, that he saw the deceased at eleven o'clock on the morning in question. He was destitute and very thin. He was suffering from typhus fever. Witness ordered him stimulants, but he died the next morning. The post-mortem examination showed that there was no food in the stomach of the deceased except a little beef tea which had been given to him when he was brought into the house. The death of the deceased was caused by the second stage of typhus fever. Witness was certain that no workhouse would turn the deceased out in the state he was in. He did not think the deceased had been in a workhouse on the previous night. The coroner said it was most desirable that it should be ascertained whether the deceased had slept in a workhouse the night previous to his being found dying in the streets. He should therefore adjourn the court in order to enable the police to make the necessary inquiries.

On Saturday afternoon, another shocking accident from fire took place, resulting in the death of Charlotte Trotman, aged nineteen. The deceased was living with her brother, a news-vendor, in the neighbourhood of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and whilst occupied in some work about the room her crinoline came in contact with the bars of the grate, and the draught drew her dress between them setting fire to it. The poor girl was immediately enveloped in flames, and it was some few seconds before the fire could be extinguished. She was then instantly conveyed to the hospital, when her burns were dressed, but she was so seriously injured that she died very shortly after admission.

ONE OF THE LARGEST CARNIVORA.—The other day Mr. Alexander Fraser gamekeeper, shot a wild cat in the Perthshire Forest. The animal weighed 125 lbs. 7 oz., and measured 3 feet 10 in. length.—*The Press Courier.*

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

The *Memorial Diplomatique* of Sunday says:—"The Archduke Maximilian has definitely fixed Easter Sunday (March 27) for the official reception of the Mexican deputation at Miramar. Immediately after the reception a minister without portfolio will be appointed to countersign all the acts of the new Emperor. This important office appears to be destined for Colonel Velasquez de Leon, formerly Minister of Public Works, Industry, and Commerce in Mexico, and member of many learned societies in Europe, one of the best informed and distinguished men of his country. General Woll (a Frenchman by birth, but a naturalised Mexican), who, as well as M. Velasquez, was one of the members of the Mexican deputation, has been appointed Chief of the Military Establishment of the Emperor Maximilian I. Colonel Velasquez and General Woll will embark on board the Novara, to accompany their Sovereign to Mexico. Their Mexican Majesties will not make any stay at Vera Cruz, not wishing to expose any person to the risk of the sickness which sometimes commences to ravage the sea coast in the first heats of spring. They will receive, at Orizaba, the authorities who proposed to come to meet them as far as Vera Cruz."

The *Memorial Diplomatique* further says:—"We learn that the Emperor and Empress of Mexico, after having paid a visit to the Pope, will touch at Valencia, where they will have an interview with the King and Queen of Spain."

The same journal states that the archduke has positively declined to sanction the privilege accorded by General Almondo to several European bankers of establishing in Mexico a bank of discount, circulation, and deposit, under the title of the "Bank of Mexico." Any request for concession to create credit establishments will be first submitted to the Council of State, and afterwards to the vote of the National Assembly. General Almondo had made it a *sine qua non* that his decree according the privilege above mentioned should receive the sanction of the archduke before being put into execution.

## MYSTERIOUS BURGLARY AND ROBBERY AT A BULLION DEALER'S IN THE CITY.

THE great robbery of £30,000 in notes, gold, and jewellery, which is reported to have taken place in the shop of Mr. Thomas M'Keown, bullion dealer and money changer, in Fenchurch-street, in the course of Monday night week, has excited considerable attention among the banking and mercantile establishments in this busy section of the City. The shop is on the south side of the street, a few doors from Philip-lane, and, being a money-changer's, a large amount of foreign money was exhibited in bowls in the window; as also rolls of foreign bank notes, and watches and other articles of jewellery. The doorway of the shop was in the side passage, leading to a suite of offices on the upper floors, occupied by respectable firms. Mr. M'Keown managed the business, and had two assistants. At the close of the day the money and notes and other valuable property were put into a large iron safe at the back of the shop, when it was locked up. Mr. M'Keown having charge of the keys. The shop door was fastened with patent locks, and there were two holes in the shutters to enable the police on duty in the street to survey the interior during the night, the gas being left lighted. On the evening of the night of the robbery the place was left as usual, and the policeman looked through into the shop several times in the course of the night, and saw nothing to excite his attention. On the shop being opened on the following morning it is stated that there were no indications of the place having been forcibly entered, but on the safe being unlocked the whole of the valuable contents, reported to be worth £30,000, were found to be missing. Immediate information was given to the police, and several of the most experienced officers at once attended, and a minute examination of the premises was made. No marks of violence to indicate how the shop had been broken into could be traced, and it would seem that the shop-door had been opened in the ordinary way. Several of the most eminent locksmiths were called in to examine the safe and the locks, with a view of ascertaining the manner in which they had been operated upon. It was evident that the safe had not been subjected to any rough treatment. However, the safe had been opened and the treasure was gone. More remarkable, in order to enter the shop, and to reach the money, some four or five patent locks had also to be opened. In a short time the police were furnished with a list and description of the valuable property missing, which comprised sixty-eight watches, several diamond pins, bracelets, rings, gold chains, brooches, diamond crosses and ear-rings, a quantity of plate and other jewellery, foreign bank notes, and a large quantity of foreign gold coinage, eagles, Austrian sovereigns, Napoleons, doubloons, Spanish five dollars, old guineas, Spanish ducats, and several bowls of foreign silver. A reward of £200 has been offered for the apprehension of the thief or thieves, and the metropolis is placarded with large bills to that effect. Unfortunately this is the second time within a short period that Mr. M'Keown has suffered from a similar robbery.

MURDER AT CAMBRIDGE.—The other evening, at six o'clock, an old lady named Hunt died at Cambridge from the effect of a murderous outrage perpetrated upon her on Sunday the 28th of February last. The deceased and another aged lady, named Walker, both widows, lived together at Prospect-cottage, Cambridge, having some small income. On the Sunday evening named, a man, wearing a mask, and armed with a bludgeon and a knife, entered the house, forced his way into Mrs. Hunt's room, pushing the servant who was waiting upon her on one side, and then attacked the poor defenceless old lady with the knife, inflicting some serious wounds on her head and face, besides breaking her arm with the bludgeon. The servant girl screamed "Murder!" and made her escape from the house to give an alarm. Mrs. Walker, who was up-stairs, hearing the cries, put her head out of the window and called for help, when the villain ran up-stairs and struck her several violent blows on the back of the head, leaving her almost insensible. The fellow then made off; he threw off the mask, which he left behind, with his hat, cloak, and knife in the house. Outside the house was found the bludgeon. Robbery seems to have been the sole motive of the crime. On the following Tuesday morning William Morley, alias Wallie, a young man, by trade a plumber, was arrested by the police. He had been seen in the neighbourhood, and some of the articles left behind were traced to his possession. The prisoner had been on friendly terms with Mrs. Hunt, and only a few days before the outrage had been reading to her an account of the highway robbery and murder at Hitchin. A day or two before her death the deposition of Mrs. Hunt was taken, and in answer to questions put to her she gave a tolerably clear account of the outrage. She was unable, however, to identify the prisoner as her assailant, nor could Mrs. Walker, whose deposition was also taken, speak to his identity. The inquest on the body of the deceased was opened at Cambridge, and was adjourned.

A CAPITAL WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GOTT, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—(Advertisement.)

## THE WAR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

THE following letter is from the head-quarters of the Danish army:—

"The most interesting of all strangers here are the Swedish and Norwegian auxiliaries, chiefly land and sea officers, eager to evince their sympathy in behalf of the common Scandinavian nationality, by placing their swords, and giving their lives, if need be, in the service of Denmark. The authorities at head-quarters, penetrated as they with their sense of gratitude for this fine exhibition of brotherly devotion, are very much at a loss how to turn these natural allies to any practical use, or, indeed, how to dispose of them. They are all officers of high rank, officers, and gentlemen; must be treated as honoured guests, must be supplied with good quarters, bed, and board—all conveniences not easily to be come by here on any terms; must be mounted on good horses, and taken the whole round of the sights of the camp; yet they bring to the Danish cause nothing whatever besides their epaulettes and their good swords. It is not a score or two of majors and colonels that Denmark is in need of. Indeed, any officer above the rank of a Lieutenant can be put to no immediate use, ignorant as he must needs be of the peculiarities of the drill, of the discipline, and, to some extent, also of the language of the soldiers he would have under his orders. It is not officers, but soldiers, that Sweden should send, and these not by scores or hundreds, but by many more thousands than the whole great Scandinavian peninsula can afford. The time was when not only Sweden, but many other European Powers, by merely lifting up a little finger, could not only have saved Denmark, but also have averted the evils of a war, of which we have seen the commencement, but cannot easily foresee the end. 'Had the fleet of any great maritime nation made its appearance in Kiel harbour only two months ago, or had it cruised before the mouths of the Elbe or the Oder,' the Danes say, 'it is very questionable whether the Austro-Prussians would even have dreamt of venturing across the Elbe; and had 20,000 or 25,000 men joined the little army mustering behind the bastions of the Dannevirke, those who crossed that old frontier of the Roman or German empire, might have been glad to retrace their steps, foiled and broken before that formidable barrier.' Twenty-five thousand men, or even twice that number, would not now enable the Danes to take the field with any great hope of regaining their ground against the terrific odds that united Germany has it always in her power to concentrate against them. Nor is the reliance of the Danes on those mighty Powers who really could bring relief any longer very firm or sanguine. As they suppose that Sweden is held in check by France, so they believe that England also is hampered in her movements by her suspicion of France. Their fate and the fate of the world, they think, hangs on the good pleasure of that silent, unfathomable potentate who is slow in making up his mind, and so quick in changing it; and unless God so takes pity on them as to throw discord into the councils of their German enemies and to array them one against another, and make either or both the easy prey of France, they feel that further resistance, however necessary to their honour, will hardly be conducive to their interests; that they are not only doomed ultimately to fall, but also to be utterly ruined and beggared in their fall. The feeling of isolation, of the desertion of their cause by all the mighty of the earth, the consciousness of their appalling inferiority of numbers, begis, I think, to exercise their depressing influence even upon the common soldiers of this brave, patient, but hard-ried Danish army. Inaction, or at least dreary and plodding and, to all appearance, purposeless work, wears out a soldier's spirits more than any amount of toil and danger encountered in active warfare."

A report of the Danish commander-in-chief to the Minister of War states that "the batteries of the enemy stationed at Broger opened fire on Thursday week, at ten a.m., on the Duppel entrenchments. The bombardment lasted till three p.m. The enemy fired altogether 500 shots. We replied occasionally—in all thirty-five times. Our firing seemed to be successful, as two of the enemy's batteries were silenced for some time. Our material has not been injured, but our losses in men were not inconsiderable, owing to an unfortunate explosion. We have two officers killed and one wounded; sixteen privates killed and forty-nine wounded. A large force of the enemy's infantry, with two guns, was hurled against our right wing. They attacked Rugebol, but speedily withdrew."

The same report says:—"On Monday night 600 Prussians, covered by two batteries planted on the Holstein coast, passed over in fishing boats to the island of Femeren, where they captured the garrison, consisting of ninety men. An iron transport ship was abandoned, but was retaken from the enemy by our gunboats on Tuesday. The commandant at Fredericia reports that the enemy approached the fortress yesterday at various points, probably to reconnoitre our positions. Our foremost works were fired upon by the enemy's artillery."

The following official report has been received by the Danish Minister of Marine:—

"On the afternoon of the 17th inst. the blockading squadron at Greifswald observed two Prussian steam corvettes and one paddle steamer steering for the southward. The frigate Sjælland, accompanied by the rest of the squadron, made for the Prussian vessels. The engagement was commenced by the Sjælland, supported by the Skjold, ship of the line. After a fight lasting two hours the Prussians sailed off to Swinemunde. Six Prussian gun-boats took part in the engagement. The loss on board the Sjælland was three killed and nineteen wounded. The Danish ships have not sustained any injury."

The following report, notifying the capture of the island of Femeren by the Prussian troops, was forwarded by Major-General Von Schlegel to Berlin:—

"The surprise of the island of Femeren has been completely successful. Four officers, ten non-commissioned officers, one bandsman, ninety-eight privates, and a few sailors, have fallen into our hands, and are already in Holstein, waiting to be forwarded to Rendsburg. Our loss is one man badly wounded, two slightly, and some inconsiderably by sabre cuts. The Danes have lost one sergeant killed and another very dangerously wounded. A small cannon was taken on the shore. The enemy's gun-boats Krieger, Ole Bull, and Marstrand, have steamed off in the direction of Alesen. Two companies occupy Femeren."

The Prussian troops left Helligenhafen during the night, and were ferried across the Femeren Sound in a gale of wind. The surprise of the island was complete, part of the crews of two Danish gun-boats, stationed in the Sound on purpose to prevent a landing, being captured while dancing with the women on shore. The Prussians crossed at three a.m., and at five o'clock were masters of the place. A battery of rifled 12-pounders has been placed upon the beach, to secure communication with the main land and keep the Danish gun-boats at a distance.

THE CHARGE OF FRatricIDE AT PENFOL.—It may be remembered that a few months ago Dr. Richard Millett, a surgeon, residing at Penfol, in Cornwall, was brought up before the magistrates of the district on a charge of having poisoned his own brother, who resided in the house with him, and who had died rather suddenly. The charge was preferred by a brother-in-law, Dr. Edmonds, residing in Orony; but after a full investigation before the magistrates, including a chemical analysis of the contents of the stomach by Mr. Alfred Taylor, Dr. Millett, was honourably dismissed by the magistrates. He then raised an action for slander against his brother-in-law, which was tried before Mr. Baron Bramwell at Bodmin. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, with damages the extent of £400.



## General News.

FROM a report presented to the Italian parliament it appears that the Italian fleet is now composed of 14 ironclads, 34 screws, 36 paddle-steamers, and 18 sailing vessels, carrying an aggregate of 1,824 guns, and 21,930 men. The total cost is 141,429,205fr.

The *Itale* of Turin publishes the names of 352 notorious brigands now living in safety on the Roman territory.

MR. W. J. GARNETT, M.P., who is now staying at Cannes, France, for the benefit of his health, has just signified his intention of retiring from the representation of the borough of Lancaster at the dissolution of parliament.

**REMOURED OCCUPATION OF BLAIR CASTLE BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.**—It is rumoured (writes our Perth correspondent) that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will become the tenant of Blair Castle for some time during the summer—the Duke of Atholl having shortly to proceed to Canada to rejoin his regiment.—*Edinburgh Courier.*

**THE DEAN OF EMLY.**—The *Dublin Evening Mail* announces the death of the Rev. Denis Brown, Dean of Emlay, at the age of sixty-nine. The living of St. Mary's now vacant is of the net value of £638, and is in the gift of the bishop.

SIR A. H. ELTON has issued an address to the electors of East Somerset, in which he says, "A dissolution of parliament cannot long be deferred, and it is well that no uncertainty should prevail as to the nature of the contest likely to be waged in East Somerset. It is now nearly three years since I announced my intention of becoming a candidate. I feel that it is only respectful to you and fair to the other candidates to state publicly that I have now no such intention. It is unnecessary to occupy your time by detailing the reasons which influence me in this course. You will do me the justice to believe that I would not lightly sacrifice the prospects of being honoured with your confidence at the next election."

**THE BISHOP OF SARUM** has conferred the vacant Chancellorship of Salisbury Cathedral on the Rev. Edward Parvassien Eddrup, M.A., the principal of the Salisbury Diocesan Theological College.

**THE CEREMONY** of confirming the election of Dr. Harold Browne to the Bishopric of Ely took place on Saturday in the parish church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheap-side. Dr. Browne took the usual oaths in the presence of Dr. Twiss, vicar-general of the province of Canterbury. The consecration will take place in Westminster Abbey on Easter Tuesday.

**WE** are informed on the best authority that our distinguished townsman, Captain Grant, is engaged in preparing for the press an account of his exploratory travels in Africa. The publication of this work, besides being satisfactory to the captain's friends and admirers, will be an inestimable boon to the public generally; for, owing to his long separation from his comrades, there is no doubt that he has much to tell us in addition to what we have already got from Captain Speke's pen.—*North Telegraph.*

**A SINGULAR** instance of the power of conscience has just occurred at Saint Just-on-Chausee (Oise). A sum of 12,800fr. (£500) was, about a month back, stolen from the residence of M. Vastellier, land surveyor in that place. No traces of the thief could be obtained, and all hopes of recovering the money were abandoned, when, two days back, M. Vastellier, while walking in a garden adjoining the house, found on one of the flower-beds a linen bag containing 9,639fr., which had evidently been thrown over the wall from the street. The thief, moved by a feeling of remorse, had no doubt adopted this means of restoring what remained of his booty.

It is stated that Field-Marshal Von Wrangel has sent to the Crown Princess of Prussia a Danish cannon-ball, which fell near to the Crown Prince while he was making a reconnaissance, and that her royal highness has caused the ball to be placed in her drawing-room at the Potsdam Palace.

**ARRANGEMENTS** are being made for a Conservative demonstration on rather an extensive scale at Norwich. Lord Ranelagh has consented to preside over the gathering, the date of which has not, however, yet been fixed.

**GENERAL DE MONTEBELLO** has suggested to the Pope the propriety of placing the Pontifical army under his command, as the only means of preventing bloodshed. The Pope refuses, saying that he is dying, and that he will, at least, die Pope of Rome, and not vasa of France.

**PRINCE ALFRED.**—It is expected that Prince Alfred will take his departure from Holyrood on or about the 9th of April. During his residence at Holyrood his royal highness has received invitations from nearly all the leading nobility and gentry in the south of Scotland, and he has been present at several grand balls in the Edinburgh Assembly-rooms. He has paid visits to nearly all the literary and scientific societies of the Scottish metropolis, and shown great interest in his exhibitions of art. A bust of his royal highness, subscribed for by the Lord Provost and other gentlemen, to be placed in the College-Library in commemoration of his connexion with the Edinburgh University, is in the hands of Mr. John Steell, sculptor to the Queen for Scotland, to whom the Prince has given several sittings during his stay.

**CHASE AFTER AN EAGLE.**—A few days ago, while several dogs and a lot of ravens were enjoying a feast on the carcass of a horse at Braehour, they were suddenly disturbed by the presence of a fine large eagle, at whose appearance the dogs ran off and the ravens flew away, one of the latter carrying off a portion of the entrails, part being swallowed. The raven being unable either to separate or disgorge her booty, she had to fly away with about half a yard dangling out of her mouth. The eagle observing this instantly gave chase, and soon after succeeded in seizing hold of the end of the piece, and in dragging both it and the raven to the ground, on reaching which he struck and killed the raven, and soon after made a meal of it and the carrion, returning towards the carcass. In the meantime, however, two of the dogs had returned, and possession being nine points of the law, they growled defiance at the invader, and prepared to defend their rights. The eagle, bent on obtaining possession, for a short time hovered near the spot, and suddenly descending gave the dogs two blows with his wings and expelled them. It fed for a short time, and then flew off with a large piece of carrion, which it deposited on a distant eminence, thereafter descending into the neighbouring loch and enjoying a bath with evident relish. This, however, did not satisfy the eagle's adventures of the day. After slowly rising out of the loch it descended upon a flock of sheep and lambs and carried off in its talons a young lamb from the stock of Mr. Gunn, Braehour, and disappeared on the top of the Dorrery. Mr. Gunn, having observed the theft, gave chase, accompanied, strange to say, by the ewe whose lamb had been taken away. Whether the mother had observed the direction the eagle took, or merely followed Mr. Gunn after being deprived of its lamb, it is impossible to say; but it is certainly singular that she should have at once, without invitation, accompanied him in the chase after her young one. On arriving at the top of Dorrery the eagle was observed resting, while the lamb was skipping about uninjured. The eagle maintained its position till Mr. Gunn was within fifty yards of it, when it took to flight, and Mr. Gunn, with ewe and lamb, returned to Braehour, the lamb being none the worse for its aerial voyage in the talons of the eagle.—*North Essex Ensign.*

**HORNMAN'S TEA** is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—*[Advertisement.]*

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

THE great race between the Oxford and Cambridge crews came off on Saturday, with a greater amount of excitement than has usually attended this popular match.

In the revolutions of time there have been exactly twenty contests between the sister universities. In the first nine of these, extending over a period of twenty years, from 1829 to 1849, Cambridge won seven; but latterly fortune has smiled upon their opponents, and in the last eleven years, including the three last, Oxford has achieved eight victories to three of Cambridge; so it will be seen that the present race was to determine out of the whole which was the winner, and the anxiety which was manifested during the week, and the large attendance at Putney, conclusively attest the interest which was taken in the result.

The following were the gentlemen composing the crews:—

OXFORD.		CAMBRIDGE.	
	st. lb.		st. lb.
1. O. P. Roberts, Trinity....	10	1. J. C. Hawkshaw, Trin. 11	3
2. W. Awdry, Balliol.....	11	2. E. F. Pigott, Christ Ch. 11	10
3. F. H. Kelley, University 11	9	3. H. Watson, Pembroke. 12	4
4. J. C. Parson, Trinity....	12	4. W. Hawkins, St John's 12	0
5. W. Jacobson, Christ Ch. 12	4	5. R. A. Kinglake, Trinity 12	4
6. A. E. Seymour, Univer. 11	7	6. G. Borthwick, Trinity. 12	1
7. M. Brown, Trinity.....	11	7. F. Stevenson, Trin. H. 12	1
8. D. Pocklington, Brasen. 11	0	8. J. R. Selwyn, Trinity... 11	0
Tottenham, Ch. Ch., Coxs. 7	0	Archer, Corpus, Coxswain 6	6

The distance was altered on this occasion in order to afford the whole of the steamboats an opportunity of being ranged in a line behind the competitors, instead of lying in ambush at different points up the course, and harassing and impeding the rowers by their wash. The start was arranged to take place, by the joint concurrence of the crews, from barges moored nearly opposite Putney pier, the race being as heretofore from Putney to the Ship at Mortlake; and it had been positively declared that if any of the steamboats violated the conditions that are laid down, the race should be deferred till the ebb.

The Prince of Wales honoured the race with his presence on board the George Peabody, chartered by the Thames Subscription Club. His highness was accompanied by Prince Lunsburg, General Knollys, Colonel Keppel, and two of his suite.

The day was just such a one as the best judges of such matters would have selected for a university race. The wind was easterly without being severe, and, being with the tide, the surface of the water was as smooth as a well-kept bowling-green.

Oxford won the choice of station, and took the side near the Bishop of London's grounds, soon afterwards followed by the Cambridge crew—indeed, the latter were afloat first. The boat carrying the Prince of Wales and suite was next to the barges whence the start was made, the umpire's boat (Citizen being alongside. At a quarter to twelve, and without any loss of time, the start was effected admirably. Both crews went off at a fine pace, Cambridge with a slight lead, which was held for a few seconds, the rowing being very fine and very rapid in both boats, forty and forty-one strokes being rowed per minute. Directly after the start, the majestic sweep of the Oxford oars, and the thorough-paced Oxford swing, began to tell, and the boats were, for a few more seconds, strictly level, the rowing, although amazing in pace, being remarkably clean; but it was obvious to those who were near, within two or three minutes of the time of starting, that the Oxonians were beginning to take a slight lead, and so gallant was the rowing of the Cambridge that it was not until their arrival near Craven that the Oxonians got clear of them, and there had been, in the doing of this, much praiseworthy and plucky labour on their part, for the Cambridge were a strong crew, and not easily to be defeated. The distance to Craven was done in 3 min. 35 sec., and after that the Oxonians gradually drew away, and the number of strokes per minute decreased to 37, and in some cases to 36 strokes in the Cambridge boat, while the Oxonians were doing one more. At the Crab Tree the Oxonians had increased their lead to two lengths, and the time was 4 min. 26 sec. In the shoot over to Hammer-smith-bridge, the Cambridge made a desperate spurt to better their position, but failed, and the Oxonians passed through Hammer-smith-bridge four lengths a-head. Time here was taken from 7 min. 40 sec to nearly 8 min.; but the confusion and collisions were so great that men were looking to safety rather than time, and the royal party and umpire were both shut out from sight after this. The Oxonians arrived opposite the Ship at Mortlake first by a dozen lengths. The time occupied in the race by the winners was 22 min. 28 sec.

The Prince of Wales repeatedly applauded both crews during the race, joined in the general expression of congratulation upon their success, and repeatedly showed the pleasure he experienced in the rowing on the return.

The general company afloat, desecrating the royal excursion, recognised the prince, and he was repeatedly welcomed with hearty cheers, which he duly acknowledged.

On Saturday evening, according to what has now become a time-honoured custom, the captains and crews of both Universities were entertained by the Thames Subscription Club at dinner at Willie's Rooms, the Hon. Mr. Denman, M.P., the president of the club, occupying the chair.

On the removal of the cloth the toast of "The Health of Her Majesty the Queen" was drunk with acclamation.

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing "The Health of the Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family," remarked that the occasion was the first in history in which a Prince of Wales had been present and taken an active part in the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. The Prince of Wales, he said, although so young a man, entered heart and soul into the feelings of every class of the people over whom he might hereafter be called to rule. He added that his royal highness, when a still younger man, used to keep a boat to row on the Thames, and so to cultivate the noble sport which that club was engaged in promoting.

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

The CHAIRMAN, in giving the toast of the evening, observed that the great race which brought them together every year was not a matter of mere amusement or enjoyment, but tended directly, in the noble self-sacrifice which it involved, to the great public benefit of the country in which it took place. He believed the greatest nations of antiquity—famed for the cultivation of philosophy and the arts—in no single thing acted more wisely than in fostering, in their Olympic and other games, the love of fair play and honourable renown which was analogous to the distinction for which the two Universities now contended on the Thames every year; and if we claimed to be one of the most civilised nations on the earth he thought that was partly due to the fact that we had not despised the desire to excel in many arts like that of rowing. On the present occasion they had met together to celebrate the event under circumstances of more than common interest, because that was the twenty-first anniversary of the Oxford and Cambridge race. Beyond that, they had this year assembled to see whether Cambridge could regain, or whether Oxford could gain, that lead which had been the great object of both crews who had been contending for the mastery for years past. Besides, it was the first occasion on which an heir to the English throne took part in the contest, so far as to come and see the start and to see as much of the race as he could, making due allowance for the extraordinary pace at which those rowing men pleased to go. (A tremendous cheer.) It was known, too, that both crews had on this occasion bestowed an extraordinary amount of care and attention upon their training. Although there was a general feeling that the Oxford men would have the best of it, still there was also a

general feeling that it was impossible to be confident of success. There was never a better start, and for the first 200 or 300 yards never a more splendid race. It was gratifying to think that the scene was witnessed by the Prince of Wales, and that it was one which his royal highness would probably never forget. He gave them, "The Oxford and Cambridge crews," coupling with the toast the name of Mr. Carr, the president of the Oxford crew, one of the distinguished oarsmen who had brought rowing to perfection, though he did not row in this year's race; and coupling also with it the name of Mr. Hawkshaw, the president of the Cambridge crew. They always, he said, gave credit, because they knew it was due, to the side which was the weaker in all those gallant contests of which Englishmen were proud. (Cheers.)

MR. CARR, in responding to the compliment, said the perfection to which the Oxford crew had attained was mostly due to Mr. Morrison, of Balliol, a veteran oar. The honour of the day was, however, in great measure attributable to the "stroke," to excellent steering, and to the circumstance that they won the toss, which, by the way, they had gained in the four successive years in which they had been victorious in the race.

MR. HAWKSHAW, in speaking for the Cambridge crew, said they had been beaten by style.

MR. GOSCHKE, M.P., proposed in complimentary terms "The health of Mr. Denman, the president of the Thames Subscription Club."

The toast was drunk with acclamation, and the company separated shortly afterwards.

## THE VOLUNTEERS.

THE site selected for the Easter-Monday Volunteer Review is extremely accessible; it may be roughly described as lying within the clasp of a pair of forceps, of which one arm is represented by the South-Eastern and the other by the South-Western Railway. The West-end and Central London Corps which went down to Brighton last year from the Pimlico Station will begin their journey this time at Waterloo, while London-bridge terminus will still be the mustering-place for all the regiments at the East-end of the metropolis. As far as possible the intention is to form the corps so conveyed respectively to Blackheath into distinct divisions, to work them separately during the day, and to afford facilities for their returning to town in the same order. The regiments as they arrive will be drawn up and brigaded upon Shalford-common, which lies immediately between the lines of railway and Blackheath, and when their formation is complete, they will be pushed on to the positions they are ultimately to occupy. An hour and a quarter or an hour and twenty minutes will be consumed in the railway journey by either line, but those using the South-Eastern route will enjoy a slight advantage over their fellows, inasmuch as the Shalford Station brings them nearer by about three miles to the review ground than the Guildford Station, on the South-Western line. Should the weather prove favourable, the corps starting from Waterloo will, however, be more than compensated by the glorious views obtainable along the line of the Hog's Back, and those accustomed to face the long ascent to the Brighton Downs will make little difficulty about the nature of the ground. The Brighton and other Sussex corps will muster in respectable numbers to meet their metropolitan friends, and will bring with them four pieces of heavy artillery. For the accommodation of the public, the Chifford station, even nearer to the review ground than the station at Shalford, will be set apart. The fares upon both lines of railway will be the same—viz., officers first class return tickets, 3s.; other ranks, 1s. 6d.; horses, 10s.; guns, 10s.; and guns with artillery horses free.

## ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

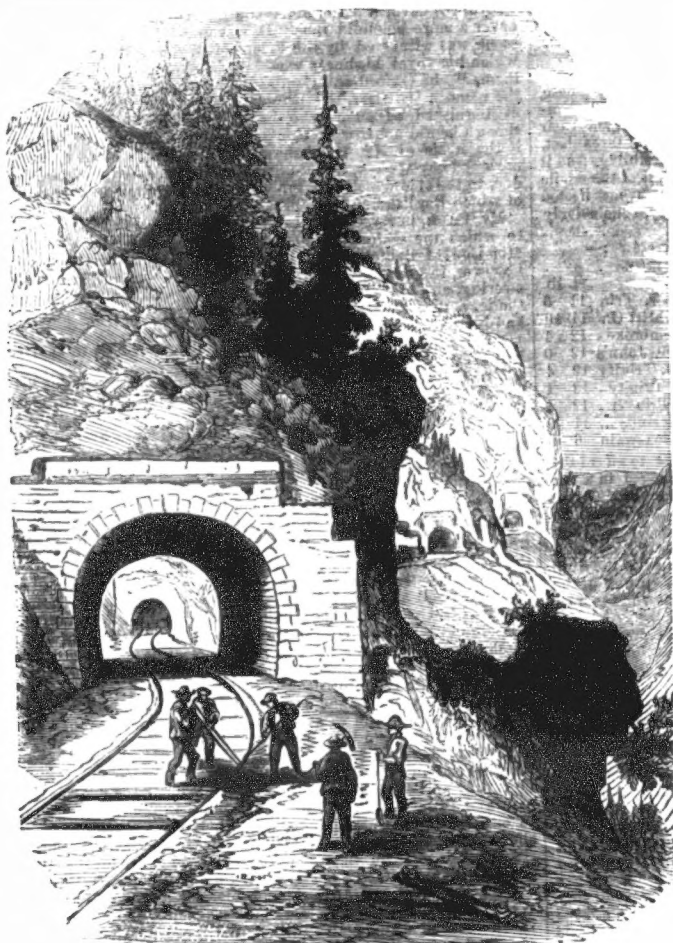
THE annual general meeting of the friends and supporters of this institution was held on Tuesday, the 15th inst. at the London Tavern: the Right Hon. Sir J. S. Pakington, Bart., G.C.B., M.P., in the chair. The meeting was influentially and numerously attended.

The report stated that on this, the fortieth anniversary of the institution, the committee had once more to place on record the success which, with the Divine blessing, had rested on their labours, and to express their gratitude to a liberal public for its continued generous support. Perhaps the most striking feature in the history of the institution during the past year was the large number of noble gifts, in the shape of the entire cost of twelve new life-boats, which had been presented to it by philanthropic individuals. During the past year the institution has been enabled to send no less than fifteen new life-boats to the coast, and numerous others were in course of construction. The life-boats of the institution numbered one hundred and thirty-two; and some of them were the means of saving no less than four hundred and seventeen lives and seventeen vessels during the past year, nearly the whole of them under dangerous circumstances, amidst high surfs, when no other description of boats could have been launched with safety. For these services—and for saving 297 shipwrecked persons by fishing and shore boats or other means—the institution had granted rewards amounting to £1,851. On occasions of service, and on those of quarterly exercises of the life-boat about 6,000 persons were afloat in them, yet not a single life had been lost. The total number of lives saved during the forty years from the establishment of the Institution in 1824, to the end of the year 1863, either by its life-boats, or by special exertions for which it had granted rewards, was 13,568. During the past year fifteen silver medals, twenty-six votes of thanks inscribed on parchment, and £1,297 in cash had been granted for saving the lives of 714 persons by life-boats, shore and fishing-boats, and other means, on the coasts and outlying banks of the United Kingdom. Since the formation of the institution, it had expended on lifeboat establishments nearly £100,000, and had voted eighty-two gold and 788 silver medals for saving life, besides pecuniary awards, amounting together to £17,830. Considering the magnitude and unavoidable costliness of the operations of the National Lifeboat Institution, embracing the whole of the coasts of the British Isles, a large permanent annual income was indispensable to enable it to maintain, in an effective state, its 132 life-boats, and to increase their number, should circumstances render it render it desirable to do so. The committee appealed to the British public with fresh confidence for support to an institution whose mission of mercy must come home to every one, and plead for sympathy and support.

**HOW TO GET A DINNER.**—One of our western home missionaries had travelled a long distance to fulfil a preaching appointment. The journey, the pulpit services, &c., made him feel that somebody's invitation to dinner would be a meritorious dispensation. The worshippers, however, disappeared one after another, till the empty house was a symbol of the emptiness felt by the mortal nature of the preacher. One respectable-looking gentleman was about departing, when our hungry friend saluted him thus:—"Brother, will you go home with me to dinner to-day?" "Where do you live?" "About twenty miles from this!" "No," said the man, with flushed cheeks; "but you must go with me." The preacher was never more troubled in that place about his dinner.—*Montreal Witness.*

**FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELLENT FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE** is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whight and Mann 143, Holborn Bars. Manufactory, Ipswich.—*[Advertisement.]*





GORGE DE L'AREUSE.

## THE FRANCO-SWISS RAILWAY.

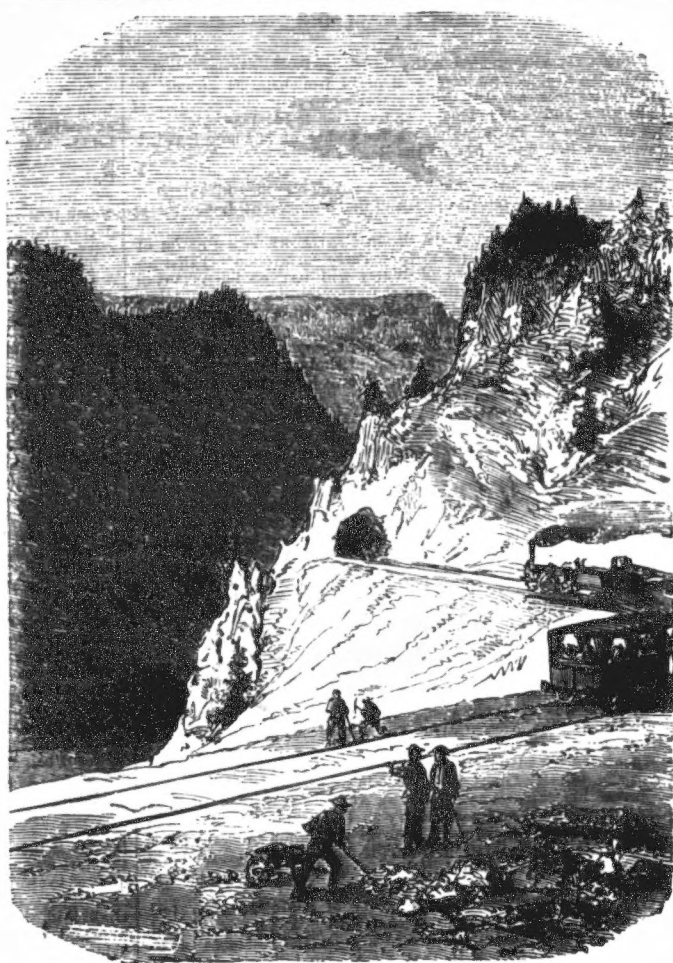
If there is a country eminently unfavourable to railroads, it is assuredly Switzerland, with its deep valleys and lofty mountains; but now-a-days men surmount all these obstacles. Valleys are raised or bridged, mountains tunnellled or cut through, or their jagged sides levelled in such a manner as to enable a train to wind its way round mountain steeps, overlooking yawning chasms. Such is the nature of the country through which the above railway runs between France and Switzerland. From Pontarlier to Neuchâtel, it then goes along the valley of the Doubs, the base of a mountain called the Gros Taureau, and near the Fort de Joux (shown in our illustration below), that advanced post of France which was a State prison where Mirabeau and Toussaint L'Ouverture were confined.

A little further on the "barrières" mark the frontier of France and Switzerland, and from thence the locomotive dashes towards the Val de Travers, where are seen some bold links of the chain which arrested the artillery of Charles the Bold. After the pretty station of Boveresse, and of Moiré Travers, where Rousseau wrote his "Letters from the Mountains," St. Sulpice is soon reached, and then the railway forces a passage across the gorges of the Areuse, as seen in our accompanying illustration, and soon Neuchâtel is reached. This pretty town is situated on the banks of Lake Neuchâtel, and is one of the most agreeably situated in all Switzerland. When the weather is clear, when walking by the banks of the lake, the chain of the Alps may be seen in its whole length, and one after another the peaks can be counted over an extent of more than fifty leagues. The setting sun gives to these frozen peaks rosy tints, rendered still more splendid by the contrast with the small Friburg Alps, which look like immense spots of ink. As to the water of the lake, it is blue as the heaven itself.

## RELIGIOUS PROCESSION AT PALERMO ON GOOD FRIDAY.

In every Catholic country there is some peculiar ceremony at Easter time, and perhaps the most striking is that which is yearly performed at Palermo on Good Friday. This ceremony is a solemn one, and is conducted with seemingly great devoutness. A painted

figure representing Christ after Crucifixion is placed on a stretcher under a glass case, the top of which is ornamented with six small gilded figures, bearing each an object representing instruments used at the Crucifixion of our Saviour, as shown in our illustration on page . . . The stretcher is carried on the shoulders of four men, preceded by two soldiers with arms reversed, and supported by six knights, three on each side. Immediately behind follows the cross, fixed on a small car, and drawn by the choristers of the Cathedral of Palermo. After the cross comes a painted figure of the Virgin, which is followed by the archbishop and his clergy. Nearly the whole population of the city crowd the streets to witness the procession, which in spite of its theatrical effect, is very imposing, and has a tendency to work on the feelings of the people.

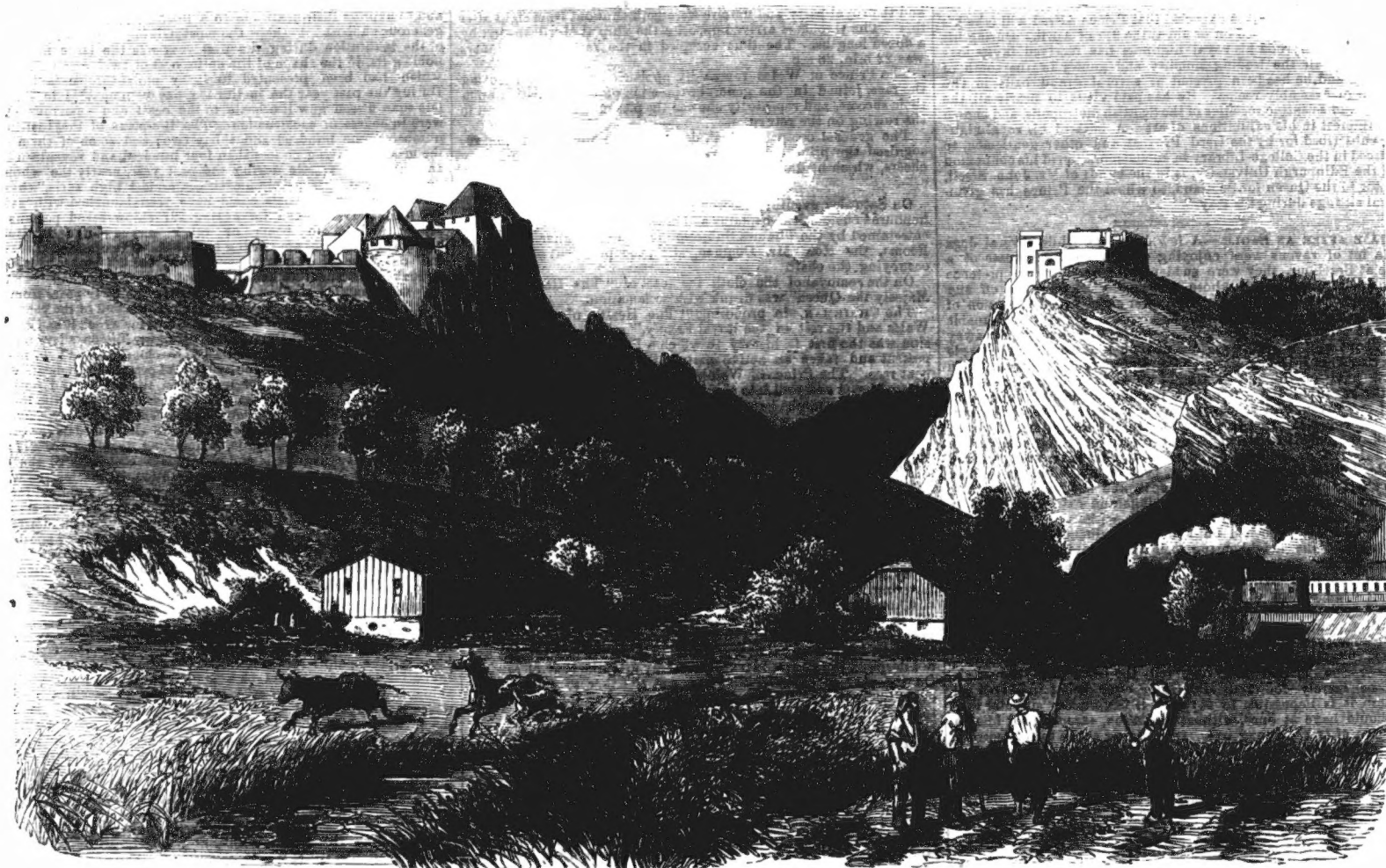


GORGE ST. SULPICE.

As the procession passes, monks may be seen on their knees at prayer, while others of their order solicit alms from the spectators, the money collected being afterwards distributed to the poor, who daily crowd round the doors of the religious houses.

During the whole day not a single carriage is to be seen in the streets; all the shops are shut; and those who throughout the year have never been to mass, now crowd the churches to humiliate themselves before the image of Him whose precepts they have perhaps too little regarded.

It is announced on the part of the friends of Garibaldi that he is about to visit this country, and may be expected in London in the course of the present month.

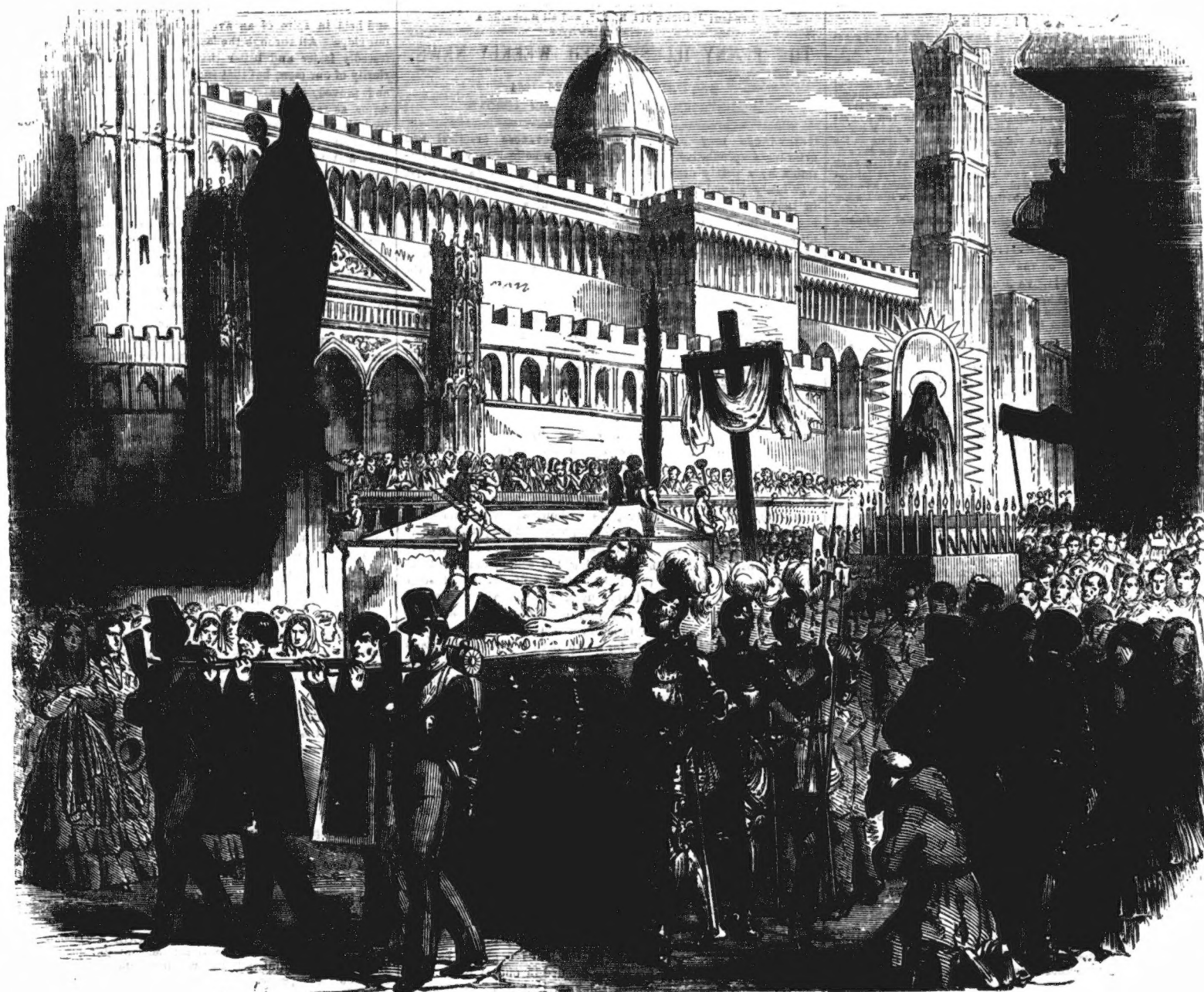


FORT JOUX, NEAR NEUCHÂTEL.





THE RUINS NEAR HILLSBORO, SHEFFIELD. (See page 647.)



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION AT PALERMO ON GOOD FRIDAY. (See page 644.)



THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF  
**SHAKSPEARE,**  
ILLUSTRATED.  
TWO COMPLETE PLAYS IN EVERY NUMBER.  
ONE PENNY.

No. 1, to be published on Wednesday, April 13th, will contain  
"HAMLET" AND "OTHELLO."  
WITH PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE, AND TWO ENGRAVINGS.  
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

No. 2, to be published on Wednesday, April 20th, will contain  
THE "WINTER'S TALE" AND THE "TEMPEST,"  
WITH TWO ENGRAVINGS.  
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

NOTICE.—The whole thirty-seven Plays, with Life and Portrait of the  
Author, will be complete in Nineteen Penny Numbers. Ask for the People's  
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"SHAKSPEARE" FOR THE MILLIONS.

The celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson very justly observed that "Shakspeare had long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit." His name has become immortal; and his works, as they have descended from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission. The secret of this marvellous success is that Shakspeare is, above all others, the poet of nature, ever holding up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. He has, moreover, united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and in the development of their plot, sometimes produce gravity and sadness, and sometimes merriment and laughter. Thus, throughout all time, must the popularity of Shakspeare endure; and the fame of the Bard of Avon will go down to the latest posterity. At this present moment, especially, in the image of the poet in every mind, and his name upon every tongue. The month of April, now at hand, marks the three hundredth anniversary of his birth. The event is to be celebrated in divers ways in different places;—but it would appear as if the most becoming and suitable method of commemoration in this case would be the placing of the poet's works within the reach of the great masses of the population.

Hence the idea of

AN EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE  
FOR  
THE MILLIONS;

to be got up in the most elegant style, and issued at the cheapest possible price.

In fulfilment of this design, the Public are respectfully informed that on Wednesday, April 13, the First Number will be ready for delivery, Price One Penny. It will consist of sixty-four pages of letter press, and two engravings, and contain

**HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK;  
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.**

This number will be offered as a specimen of those which are to follow. The entire work, comprising the whole thirty-seven Plays, will be completed in eighteen numbers, Price One Penny each, thus forming the cheapest and most attractive edition of Shakspeare's dramas ever issued from the Press.

No. 1 in illustrated coloured wrapper, with a portrait of the great poet. Price One Penny. Give early orders.  
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HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

There are few persons who are unacquainted with the name of that great artist, who may have been said to write rather than paint with the brush; but there are vast numbers to whom his admirable works are completely unknown. That this class of persons should desire to have a knowledge of those master-pieces of art is natural enough; and it is somewhat a matter of astonishment that the spirit of enterprise should not have already placed them within the reach of "the millions." There can be no doubt that the merits of these pictures would be universally appreciated, in the poorest cottages as they have long been in the proudest mansions; and if cheap literature places the works of the great master of dramatic writing in the hands of the humblest purchaser, it assuredly may accomplish the same in respect to the equally great master of dramatic painting. For as SHAKSPEARE stands at the head of one school, so does HOGARTH occupy the loftiest pedestal in the other; and the latter has displayed with the pencil as much versatility of genius as the former has shown with the pen in illustrating his familiar scenes of life.

These few observations are prefatory to the announcement of the immediate publication of a

CHEAP EDITION

OF THE

WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH;

to be issued in Weekly Penny Numbers and Monthly Sixpence Parts. Each Weekly Number will contain eight large quarto pages, two Pictures, with descriptive letter-press; from the pen of one of the most eminent authors of the day.

The Monthly Parts will be issued in illustrated coloured wrappers, and may be sent free by post for an extra penny.

The work will be got up in the handsomest style, no expense being spared to produce engravings worthy of the great originals. A fine paper will be used; and, altogether, the volume, when complete, will be a perfect miracle of beauty and of cheapness.

Hogarth's subjects are chosen from common life, amongst all classes of society, in his own country, and in his own time. His style may be characterised as "the satirical,"—the satire being sometimes humorous and comic, sometimes grave, bitter and tragic. His comic-satirical vein may be seen in the Enraged Musician, the March to Finchley, Beer Lane, &c.;—his tragic-satirical vein is exemplified in the Barlot's Progress, the Rake's Progress, Gin Lane, &c. The series of industry and idleness and of Marriage a la Mode contain pictures in both these veins. In all his works, Hogarth unmercifully chastises—and lays bare the vices and weaknesses of mankind, and displays them with the cruellest minuteness. At the same time he never departs so widely from nature as to mar the effect of his composition.

OBSERVE!—On Wednesday, April 13th, Number 1 will be issued in an illustrated coloured wrapper, containing the Portrait of Hogarth, and the first two Pictures of the Series entitled *Marriage a la Mode*, with four large quarto pages of descriptive letter-press. Price One Penny.

It is particularly requested that intending purchasers will give their orders early to their respective booksellers, and that the booksellers themselves will adopt the proper precaution to ensure an adequate supply, so that no disappointment may be experienced in any quarter.

In small or remote places, where a difficulty arises in obtaining cheap serial publications, any intending purchaser may forward seven postage-stamps to the publisher, in order to receive the Monthly Part through the post.

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AN ORIGINAL TALE OF THE AFFECTIONS.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

D.	D.		A. M.	P. M.
26	S	Duke of Cambridge born, 1819	8 35	4 1
27	S	Easter Sunday	4 18	4 35
28	M	Easter Monday	4 53	5 10
29	T	Easter Tuesday	5 39	5 49
30	W	Russian War terminated	6 13	6 38
31	T	Sun rises 5h. 37m.; sets, 6h. 30m.	7 5	7 38
1	F	All Fools' Day	8 15	9 2

Moon's changes.—Last Quarter, 30h. 10h. 20m. a.m.  
Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Exod. 12; Rom. 6

AFTERNOON.

Exod. 14; Acts 2, v. 22.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and RETAILERS' NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

P. H.—One Solomon Dayrolle was the last official acting as master of the revels. He took office in 1744.

VOLUNTEERS.—The Horse Guards were instituted in the reign of Edward VI. about the year 1550.

EMMA J.—Font is derived from *font*, a fountain or water spring. The rites of baptism were in primitive times performed in fountains and rivers.

P. W. R.—The marriage costume of a gentleman is full dress black coat, white waist and neckerchief, black trousers, and Wellington boots.

REMYRA.—The site of the ancient kingdom of Troy is between the Dardanelles and the Arabian Gulf in Asia Minor.

F. W.—The Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed during the Administration of the Duke of Wellington.

S. N.—A promise of marriage by a minor, in order to be sustained in action, must be repeated after he has attained his majority.

EMIGRANT.—Yes. The law of England prevails in Canada, except where modified by the local Government.

G. L. H.—Competent young women as clerks and book keepers can be obtained from the office of the Society for the Employment of Women, 19, Langham-place. Specimens of handwriting and figures are shown. No charge is made to employers. Young persons are not allowed to enter their names on the register-books till they have attended the Society's School 37, Howland-street, Fitzroy-square, and received a certificate of competency. For any further particulars, apply to the secretary at the above-mentioned address.

BROKEN HEART.—You can procure a divorce. It would not cost more than about thirty pounds. Apply to Mr. W. Eaden, solicitor, No. 10, Gray's-in-square.

THE CALAMITY AT SHEFFIELD.

NOTICE.—Next week's Number of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS will contain another series of

AUTHENTIC ENGRAVINGS,

representing the  
PRINCIPAL SCENES AND INCIDENTS  
connected with the

FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE.

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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

GRIEVANCES may be divided into grievances practical and grievances speculative. The grievance practical may be illustrated by a pretty drama, the last act of which, as we hope, was lately played before the Lord Chancellor. It appears that in 1852 one Judkins, an inventor, took out a patent for a sewing machine. The machine, as we now know, was of great utility, though possibly not so new as Mr. Judkins hoped; but in 1852 good housewives had not learnt its virtues, and distrusted its success. Time and money were necessary to introduce it to the notice of the public, and it is probable that Mr. Judkins, like all other inventors, was a needy man. It is, we believe, certain that in May, 1859, the inventor, being then in confinement for debt, sold the patent to a Mr. Foxwell for some £50. Mr. Foxwell possessed the qualifications that Judkins needed. We know not whether it was due to his genius, but every one will remember that soon after this purchase there were opened in all the leading thoroughfares in town shops with huge plate-glass windows, behind which handsome and well-dressed women were seen sewing by machinery. The great problem of female labour seemed solved by an invention which at first sight promised to do away with the necessity of it. The thing took. Husbands entered and bought machines for their wives, fathers for their daughters, and, in the language of advertisements, "no house was complete without a sewing machine." But success engenders rivalry. Foxwell purchased the patent in 1859, and in 1860 he brought an action against one Thomas for infringement. Difficulties arose in prosecuting the action, and Mr. Foxwell stopped it, filed in the Patent-office a disclaimer of some portion of the invention, and thereupon brought a second action against Thomas. This time the jury could not agree, and, accordingly, a third action was brought, which Thomas compounded by paying £4,250 to Foxwell, for a free license to use the patent. This was in June, 1863, and the payment seems in itself a tolerably good return for the original purchase-money. But we must conclude that it was a very small part of Mr. Foxwell's gains, and it certainly was a trifle compared with what he hoped to obtain. He got the £4,250 last June, and in the September following he instituted no less than one hundred and thirty-four suits in Chancery against as many separate defendants, whom he charged with infringing his patent rights. Of course one hundred and thirty-four defendants imply many more who yielded to the claims of Mr. Foxwell in preference to fighting a suit in Chancery. But some of the one hundred and thirty-four thought that union was strength, and banded together to resist the common enemy. They formed an association, called "The Makers', Dealers', and Users' of Sewing Machines Central Association," and between them and Mr. Foxwell a preliminary contest was fought to determine the mode in which the final battle should be carried on. Mr. Foxwell insisted upon prosecuting each suit separately, whilst the defendants asserted that they were all agreed in denying the validity of the plaintiff's patent, and that all the suits ought to be suspended until the single issue was decided in one of them. We should probably not be wrong in thinking that this squabble was

rather in the interest of a solicitor than of a patentee. Even in these days of Chancery reform, the profits of conducting one hundred and thirty-four separate suits must be a noble prize. The question whether the suits should be consolidated came on last November before Sir Richard Kindersley, and that learned Vice-Chancellor decided that Mr. Foxwell had a right to prosecute his suit against each defendant; the burden on one defendant was not increased by the fact that others were burdened also, and it was impossible for the court to take notice of the existence of the Defence Association, whose object would be balked by the prosecution of separate suits. An appeal was made to the Lord Chancellor, who took a vigorous step to prevent the multiplication of suits for the same object. He ordered the defendants to hand in descriptions of the sewing machines they severally made or used, that he might arrange them into classes answering to the different species of infringement, and at a subsequent stage he directed that a trial of the validity of the plaintiff's patent should take place before himself without a jury. The speedy result of that trial was the decision by the Lord Chancellor that the specification of the plaintiff's patent was too general, and therefore void. Where the prize is so great it is, perhaps too much to hope that Mr. Foxwell will acquiesce in the Lord Chancellor's decision; but, even if the litigation should now end, what a commentary on the patent laws does it supply! Who is benefited by them? The original inventor, like the rest of his class, has reaped no reward; he has been lost sight of in the struggle over the spoil. Mr. Thomas cannot look back with satisfaction on having had to defend three actions at law, ending at last in the payment of upwards of £1,000 for nothing. The history of the sewing-machine patent is the history of nineteenth-century patents obtained by inventors. An ingenious man, possessed with a desire to economise human labour, plans a machine by which a mechanical action is substituted for man's toil. After great hindrances, and at much cost, the discovery reaches in a limited measure the public; but between the inventor and the purchaser a chain of agents intervenes who prey upon both. The inventor is worn down by difficulties and anxieties, consumed by hopes destined never to be realized, and the public receives a machine capable of a hundred minor improvements, which cannot be combined because they are in the hands of so many different patentees.

The Institution of Naval Architects, which has just held its annual session, has been able this year to congratulate itself on having achieved a very notable public success. Moved by its urgency, Government has consented to establish, or revive, a School of Naval Construction, and already a vote has been asked from the House of Commons for the infant institution. That the sum required will, if it be wisely applied, return a very sensible profit to the country, there can be little doubt. Our supremacy at sea has been gained and held in spite of an avowed inferiority in the construction of our ships. All through the last war the French ships were confessedly faster and better than ours. We beat them by the superiority of our men, but that superiority would have been enhanced, and proved, at less cost of blood, had we been on even equal terms as regards the qualities of the respective fleets. More recently they have maintained the advantage. They were the first to apply steam effectively to their navy, and the first to apply defensive armour. If by affording a recognised centre of instruction we can combine and improve the mechanical skill we so largely possess by means of scientific direction, we shall unquestionably put out our efforts to the best advantage. And so much as this we may at least hope from the new school. Perhaps the proceedings of the Institution of Naval Architects itself might, if it were requisite to urge the establishment of such a source of scientific education, most effectually prove its necessity. The recent meeting has educed, on the subject in which the public takes chief interest, and which is the most important to the country—the construction of our future fleets—very little suggestion of real value. Even the mutual demands made by the navy men upon the ship-builders, and by the ship-builders on the navy men, have shown, if we may be pardoned the expression, how much both are at sea on the whole question. The builders say to the captains, "Tell us exactly what you want, and leave us to give it you." The captains retort on the builders, "Give us speed, steadiness, handiness, and leave us to fight the ship." But it happens that the laws of nature allow of only a limited attainment of what is thus demanded. No human power can, with any combination of known materials, give a vessel possessing in the highest degree all the qualifications sought. Some must be sacrificed or modified; but there is as yet no measure of agreement as to which are the most important. One distinguished admiral insists that with speed, and a bow shaped to cut as a ram, we should have nearly everything we want. Another declares that the superiority in speed can at best be so trifling, that the blow from the ram would be insignificant, and that we must depend on chase-guns. One prefers cupolas, another defends broadsides, and both on the ground that the system they advocate will give the most rapid and available fire. One asserts that our present ironclads are useless for blockading purposes, and that we must fall back on wooden ships for such duties; another maintains that we need an improved internal arrangement, in order to prove the real value of armour. It is no wonder that the builders are puzzled among these conflicting descriptions of the vessel that is really required, and that, as in the case of the Warrior, they make a somewhat haphazard selection from among the various attainable qualities, with the result of finding that some defects have been admitted of a character so serious as almost to place the ship beyond the pale of fighting ships altogether. And it is obvious that until there is so much of science diffused both among officers and constructors as to make them meet on common ground, each able to appreciate the wishes and the difficulties of the other, very little progress can be made towards solving the problem of our future navy.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 135, Regent-street, Advertisement.]



## EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL IN FRANCE.

A cause célèbre has been tried at Aix. In July last a man named Maurice Roux, a coachman in the service of M. Armand, a gentleman of large property residing at Montpellier, was found in the cellar of his master's house, lying on his face, with a wound on the back of his head, a rope tightly drawn round his neck, his hands tied behind his back, and apparently in a dying state. It was in the evening that he was thus found. The man had been missing all day, and M. Armand had several times spoken angrily of his absence from his duties. A maid-servant in the house, who had heard her master inquiring for Maurice Roux, told him that she thought she heard Maurice groaning in the cellar. M. Armand said the girl must be dreaming, but he nevertheless accompanied her down the cellar stairs and there found Maurice in the position described. M. Armand at once ran to fetch medical men and a commissary of police. According to the report of the medical men, Maurice was nearly strangled, and in a most dangerous condition. He could not speak a word, but was able to understand what was said to him. The commissary of police produced a child's alphabet of ivory letters, and asked the man to spell the name of the person who had attempted to murder him. He spelled the name of "Armand"—his master. A long examination ensued by means of the alphabet, in the course of which the man explained that while he was sawing wood in the cellar his master came behind him, and saying, "Je t'apprendrai à appeler ma maison une baraque"—(I will teach you to call my house a barrack)—he struck him a tremendous blow on the head with a log of wood, which fell him to the ground; then he twisted a rope tightly round his neck, and tied his hands behind him. This happened at eight o'clock in the morning. When Maurice Roux recovered he repeated by word of mouth everything that he had indicated by the alphabet, persisted in his story after being warned by the judge of instruction of his terrible responsibility to God and man if he made a false accusation and took the sacrament upon it in the presence of the judge. M. Armand was arrested upon this testimony, and at the end of last year he was brought to the bar of the assize court of Montpellier to take his trial on a capital charge. But when judge and jury were assembled, when the Procureur Impérial was ready with his speech for the prosecution, when M. Jules Favre, specially brought down from Paris, had taken his seat in front of the dock in which the prisoner was placed; and when the court was crammed to suffocation with the principal inhabitants of the department, burning with curiosity to hear the case, the astounding news came that Maurice Roux, on his way to the court to give evidence, had been waylaid and beaten within an inch of his life, so that it was impossible for him to appear. The trial was necessarily postponed. The general opinion in Montpellier was that M. Armand, who is a very wealthy man, had suborned a bravo to murder Maurice Roux in order to prevent him from appearing against him. Maurice Roux, however, revived after some days' medical treatment. Meanwhile M. Armand's counsel applied to the Court of Cassation for a change of venue on the ground that there was so much prejudice against the prisoner in Montpellier that he could not have a fair trial there. The court granted the application, and ordered that the trial should take place at Aix. It is a singular circumstance, and one that gives rise to many conjectures, that when the list of witnesses was called at the opening of the trial, Maurice Roux did not answer, and it was stated in court that when he arrived at Aix by the railway he was taken very ill. The public prosecutor said, however, that he was expected to attend the next day. The extraordinary defence set up is, that Maurice Roux's story is a pure invention, that he inflicted injuries upon himself, put the rope round his own neck, and tied his own hands behind him, upon the calculation that by accusing his master, who has the reputation of being a violent man, and is said to have struck his servants before, he should get a large sum of money out of him. This theory is supported by Dr. Tardieu, the most eminent professor of medical jurisprudence in Paris, and by Dr. Jaquet, a leading surgeon of Montpellier. Nevertheless, the public prosecutor made a crushing speech against the prisoner, and pressed urgently for a conviction.

**ESCAPE OF A CONVICT.**—The other evening, a most daring escape was effected from the Nottingham County Gaol by a convict named William Wright, who was sentenced at the last assizes to five years' penal servitude. About five o'clock he was in the women's airing ward, where he had been employed cleaning windows. A turnkey was near him, but that officer's back being turned, he silently ascended the wall, and, having reached the top, jumped off on to the roof of a house which was about twenty feet below him. He then broke through into the top room of a house occupied by a woman named Reynolds, and was severely cut and bruised in doing so. No attempt to capture him was made here, and he succeeded in making his way into the street, and thence through various thoroughfares on to the London-road, and eventually secreted himself in some malt rooms in the Crown and Anchor yard. Meanwhile the police were in hot pursuit, and the whole of the buildings in the locality were searched, but without any immediate success. The search, however, was kept up under Mr. Superintendent Palethorpe's directions, and ultimately the prisoner was found on the roof of the malt rooms, lying in a gutter, by Detective Goulding. He was thoroughly exhausted. His teeth were knocked out by the fall, and when Goulding seized him he said, "I cannot fight." He was then taken back to his cell, after an absence of about two hours.

**SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT.**—A few days ago a girl named Ellen Shaughan, aged nineteen years, and employed in a Liverpool warehouse, arrived late at her work; and finding the door closed, called out that she would come up by the "jigger rope" if they would hoist her. She then took the rope, and some of the girls in the upper story began to hoist her up. She had reached the height of the fourth story when, losing nerve by hearing some men laugh at her, she called out for the girls to lower the rope. Before they could do so, however, she let go her hold, and fell to the ground, injuring her spine so severely that she died some short time afterwards.

**THE FLUENING LUNACY CASE.**—The trial of Samuel Porter, of Flushing, near Falmouth, for ill-treatment of his lunatic brother, came on before Mr. Baron Martin, at Bodmin. It will be remembered that this case excited much attention through the country, as it was said that the lunatic had been left for years in an outhouse without the slightest regard to the requirements of ordinary decency. The counsel for the prisoner adduced evidence to prove that the prisoner's conduct was not so bad as was alleged, and he further took an objection that the Act of Parliament under which the prosecution took place applied only to those who undertook the cure of lunatics for hire, and had no reference to relatives or others who undertook the charge of lunatics without fee or reward. The jury found the prisoner "Guilty," but recommended him to mercy. The learned judge, who had reserved the legal point raised by the prisoner's counsel, deferred passing sentence till the doubt was set at rest by the Court of Criminal Appeal, and the prisoner was discharged on his own recognisances to come up for judgment at the next assizes if in the meantime the superior court gave judgment against him.

Teas uncoloured teas, hitherto unobtainable, are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. They combine purity, fine flavour, and lasting strength, and are much more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

## THE DREADFUL INUNDATION AT SHEFFIELD.

This last week's issue of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* contained lengthy details of the fearful catastrophe that had occurred near Sheffield. We this week present our readers with a series of pictures illustrative of the terrible calamity. These illustrations were sketched by a special artist, who was sent expressly for the purpose of giving faithful and correct drawings of what he saw. Albeit the pencil of that gentleman has been actively engaged, his pen was not idle, as the following interesting communication from him shows:—

(From our Special Artist.)

I hereby forward the first series of sketches for the paper of some of the scenes that I have witnessed.

Perhaps it might be interesting to some of your readers to give an account descriptive of what I have witnessed this week, spectacles I hope I may never witness again. In the course of my rambles the scenes vary to such a degree that one seems bewildered at beholding such destruction, fearful desolation, ruin and misery.

Arriving at the King's-cross Station, I just had time to get my ticket, and rushed forward to the door of the carriage, the guard shouting out, "Make haste." I was pushed unceremoniously head first into the passengers' laps. "Beg pardon," cried the guard; the whistle sounds, and off we go. On arriving at the Sheffield Station, at two o'clock in the morning, we darted out of our cramped position, and emerged into the bleak, cold atmosphere. The first inquiry to the porter was about beds. We were told to go to the hotel—viz, the Victoria Hotel. In that direction several individuals darted into the open door of the building; but suddenly our progress was stopped by the startling intelligence, "All full, gentlemen." A move was made instantly. By this time, half-past two, rather chilly.

In dismay, I wandered forth out of the gates, into unknown streets, in the direction of the town of Sheffield. Not a person was to be seen, not even a policeman. The only sound that greeted my ear was the fearful rushing of water, resembling the roll of thunder, which (to a stranger, and likewise the darkness of the night) placed into my brain the word "caution" to be used in my path. I took the first turning to the right, and there beheld a fearful scene of desolation and misery. The streets were completely blocked up with broken furniture, trees torn up by their roots, mud, stones, &c. I scrambled through the best way I could, and on reaching the bottom of the street I arrived at a place called the Wicker, resembling very much an interminable Drury-lane and Holborn. I gazed around, to see where I could advance in quest of a bed, and likewise for my own safety. I walked up the Wicker, keeping as close to the shops as possible. Suddenly a policeman crossed my path. I stopped and asked him if I could get a bed. He said, "I'll try, sir." We went to a place called the Crown Inn, rapped at the door with a stick which he had with him, and in about five minutes a head was visible. "What's the matter, policeman?" "A gent from London requiring a bed." The door opens in a minute, sixpence placed in the policeman's hand for the trouble, I was ushered to bed in the long room. The landlady asking what time I wished to be called, I replied, "Seven o'clock, if you please," placed my money under my pillow, and slept soundly.

In the morning I hastily dressed myself, and partook of a hearty breakfast, and started forth on my errand. Emerging into the street, I witnessed a strange scene in the Wicker. Men were seen in all directions with buckets, &c., emptying water out of the cellars. Shopkeepers and their assistants clearing out their stock and stents, provision, &c., sorting and cleaning them, but for no purpose, as to all appearances they were valueless. Families were seen moving furniture in all directions, from one place to another. The road was blocked up with mud, branches of trees, ironwork, &c., which had been knocked down by the fury of the water as it rushed along.

**THE WICKER.** (See Illustration No. 4, p. 648.)

I made my way towards the bridge, and proceeded down a narrow street. Families of the poorer classes were to be seen washing their furniture with brooms, brushes, &c. The water-mark is visible about five or six feet all along this street. Workshops, factories, all have shared the same fate. Fire engines were constantly employed pumping the water in this neighbourhood out of the cellars. Passing along, I met several females in deep mourning; their features wearing a sad and haggard appearance. Keeping the straight road, a church is visible, with the railings entirely battered in, leaning for support against the church wall. Farther onward stands another church in the same predicament. Houses all along the road will take months to repair. I met a cart coming towards me with a carcass of a dead horse and other refuse. I crossed over and made inquiries concerning the distance to the reservoir. "Seven miles," was the answer. I trudged along through the muddy streets, and suddenly I came on an open place of ground. A fine view of the River Don presented itself to my eye. The bridges, that once stood, have entirely vanished; the iron railings, 300 feet or more long, running parallel with the river, have been knocked entirely away.

Men were to be seen about in all directions clearing away mud, stones, and timber. On the opposite side of the river, factories were partially knocked down. Men were pulling heavy machinery about searching for tools—the only property, perhaps, they possess in this world. I again advanced; but every step that I took only increased my weight—viz, clay and mud up to my knees. I crossed over the bridge, and turning to the right, the view straight forward led me along towards the place called Philadelphia Island. Facing the island stands a long row of houses, some hundred or more. In every instance, the garden walls and rails of the houses are laid in ruins; the gardens, front and back, are one complete swamp; likewise the cellars. Opposite stands, in majestic relief, the late village of Philadelphia, which strikes the traveller by the beauty and grandeur of its scenery. I shall endeavour to give a slight account of this spot. For miles around the distant hills are visible, lowering hundreds of feet in height. Towards the sky the scenery is enriched by gentlemen's seats, and grand forests of trees. The railway runs along the cutting, giving a pretty aspect to the mottepoising slopes. At the extreme foot of that hill stands the village, the scene of such fearful ruin and misery. A small public-house stands right opposite the scene of disaster; the landlord kindly allowed me to go up into his bedroom, so that I might be able to sketch and rest myself. On the extreme right of the ruin stands a row of workshops, to all appearance safe and sound; further up there is seen an immense boiler half hanging over the water; behind is a boiler severed in two pieces, standing bolt upright. The factories seem safe this side of the river. But the scene changes. On the island along the river once stood houses, manufactories, gasworks, and pleasant rows of trees. With the exception of the gasworks, trees, chimneys, and a few cottages, nothing else but a scene of ruin is left to denote the once prosperous and happy village. A bridge that crossed to the island has disappeared, and wooden planks are used as the only means of communication. (Sketches of the above I will forward per next post.)

Further on is an open, flat space; the ruins of some factory stare you in the face (in an isolated spot), the heavy machinery, wheels, cranes, &c., half embedded in the earth; at this point the river runs fast and rapid. As far as the eye can see, nothing but a fearful scene presents itself. Forests of trees and garden furniture by wholesale are piled up and intermixed with stones, and carcasses of animals. Onwards I proceed, knee-deep in slosh. I observe the barracks: a strong wall erected in front is partially knocked down. Soldiers are busily engaged in clearing away stones, trees

and rubbish that had been washed against the building. While gazing on the scene I met a crowd of persons, some crying and others clasping their hands. In the centre of the group might be seen a cart, with a white pony, containing five coffins; two of them appeared to be children. I was about to make inquiries of the man who had charge of the bodies, but the unpleasant odour arising from the decomposed state of the bodies, caused me to retreat. This painful scene I have illustrated by cut No. 2. A few steps further brought me to the spot which led me, by turning to the left, direct to the dam. This turning, it must be borne in mind, is about four and a half miles distant from the reservoir—straight road. As I walked onwards crowds of people came rolling along; and truly the scene at this spot never was witnessed by mortal man before. All that I had previously witnessed seemed insignificant compared to what surrounded me at this moment. Houses on both sides of the way were nearly smashed in. Dead horses, jammed in ruins, women's garments, crockery, and other things too numerous to mention, impeded the thoroughfare for foot-passengers to scramble through. In the distance could be seen

**HILLSBOROUGH BRIDGE.** (See Illustration p. 649.)

Here the rush of water was overwhelming. On arriving at the above-named place the roads were almost impassable. Thousands by this time had arrived. Groups in all directions of hard-working men were seen, some digging for relations, and others for the recovery of their household goods. The bridge presented a strange scene. Far on the other side might be seen numerous vehicles, unloading their passengers, whom they had brought from distant parts, and at this spot they were compelled to stay, for this reason—that the bridge was partially destroyed, and the only communication from that part of the town to Hillsborough was by placing planks across the bridge. Seeing a crowd outside the public-house, facing the bridge, my curiosity was soon satisfied by being informed that some body was being recognised at the

**SHAKESPEARE INN.** (See Illustration No. 1, p. 648.)

I entered the house and beheld a sickening sight. However, I did my business. I ordered the landlord to bring me some dinner. I went up on the first floor, and gazed out of the window to have a commanding view to make a subject for sketches. To the right, opposite, stood, or once stood, several houses, but a few ruins of the corner one only remain. Houses in many instances were completely gutted by the flood. Having finished my meal, I pressed forward for information. I turned round to the left corner of the house, and waded my way to the National School, a pretty but small building. A policeman was standing at the door, and a great crowd collected round. I squeezed through the crowd, and was about to enter, when the strong arm of the law prevented my advance. The question was put "Have you lost any friends?" "No," said I. "Then no admittance," cried the official. However, I would not be disappointed, so I peeped in at the side window, and there lay four of the unfortunate victims. I then went on my mission, and came across an open, but uneven, plain, to which a row of houses with the backs entirely gone gave rather a strange character.

I crossed over in the direction of Price's house, but no house was visible; the only remnant of the so-called house was a heap of mud. Here were seen men digging out crockery, iron bedsteads, and various articles. They were likewise engaged searching for bodies, as shown in cut No. 3, page 648. They came across a gold chain and other relics, which will be taken care of. The house adjoining Price's has a strange look. The whole of one side, front and back, has vanished, and I am certain that if a strong gust of wind were to go in that direction the house must fall entirely. The next house has entirely vanished—a bagatelle-table, chairs, gas-pipes, stones and trees lay in one mass. The other houses are in the same condition on this side. On the opposite side, there is a strong row of houses. I went into some of them to see if the newspaper reports were correct. Unfortunately for the occupants, it was so; the furniture in every house is broken and done for; what remains is valueless. Higher up I came to the last lot of houses in the village. The backs of the gardens face the water. Of the corner house the back is gone. Trees in all directions that floated down with the torrent have settled about this part; the rest of the village is entirely gone. The accumulation of bricks, trees, furniture, clothes, and mud in this village is something astounding.

I journeyed on, and took further sketches. A group of females sitting round some smouldering embers. (See Illustration No. 2, p. 648.) One poor woman was weeping. Further on were two little children, one of whom was digging and came across a table-spoon, and something else which I did not recognise. The poor child made a rush, then tears rolled fast down her cheeks. That little incident unnerved many a strong man's heart, knowing that if his fate were to be similar that it would only increase the love due to his own little one. Money was given freely and kisses likewise. I hastened away from the spot, and made direct to Bradford. Nothing but ruins and desolation, broken machinery at the bottom of the valley.

After scrambling over broken stones, divers jumps, sliding down the embankment, I came to a fence, squeezed through—thousands doing the same—and by clambering on the top of a hill I obtained a commanding view of

**THE RESERVOIR AND THE GAP IN THE EMBANKMENT.** (See front illustration.)

About 300 yards in front, several photographers and artists from London were busy taking views from different points. I took mine by the hill. I then went into a cottage, refreshed myself, and then journeyed homewards. On my way back I still met thousands coming from distant parts. I came unexpectedly across a

**FUNERAL PROCESSION GOING TO THE CEMETERY.** (See illustration on front page.)

I believe the Trickett family; also three others, and they all joined in one. The eight moved one. Coffins exposed on four-wheeled carts; cabs, carts, containing mourners; women on foot. The crowd began to increase as the corpses were conveyed to their last resting place. The scene brought many a poor woman to the spot, who sobbed aloud. I wandered through the crowd towards Sheffield, and on my way I met with a disgraceful and revolting sight, a four-wheel cart, containing eight coffins, drawn along by one horse, containing a policeman and two women, who were sitting on the front coffin, and the driver on the extreme end, and four men were lounging and smoking pipes and laying in all positions—a sketch of which I shall bring with me.

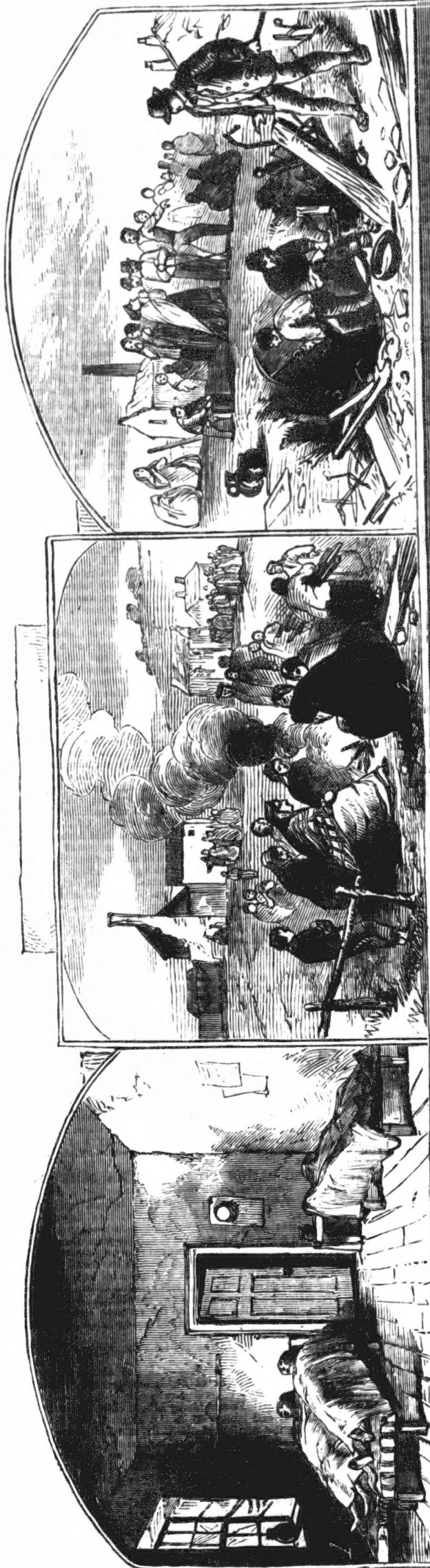
The reservoir which caused the fearful calamity was fully described in your last number.

On the road to Bradford, a place inhabited almost solely by working men, a terrible scene of desolation presented itself, as illustrated on p. 646.

A man who, with his wife and family of four children, lived near the gasworks, Neepsend-lane, were in bed at the time of the accident. Awoke by the roaring of the flood, and finding the water coming up the staircase, they were in imminent danger of being drowned. Desperate at being thus shut up like a rat in a trap, the man broke a hole first through the ceiling and then through the slates, and got the entire party on the roof. Within two or three minutes the house crumbled from under them, and to their amazement the roof floated like a boat. For three or four hundred yards the roof bore its living freight, passing, as it did so, right over the bridge, and then drove spinningly against the corner of the brewery. Here the roof parted, and all but the boy perished—the father, the mother, and the other three children sank to rise no more, and their bodies have not yet been recovered.

The subscriptions received up to Tuesday amount to £24,000, and 251 bodies have been found.



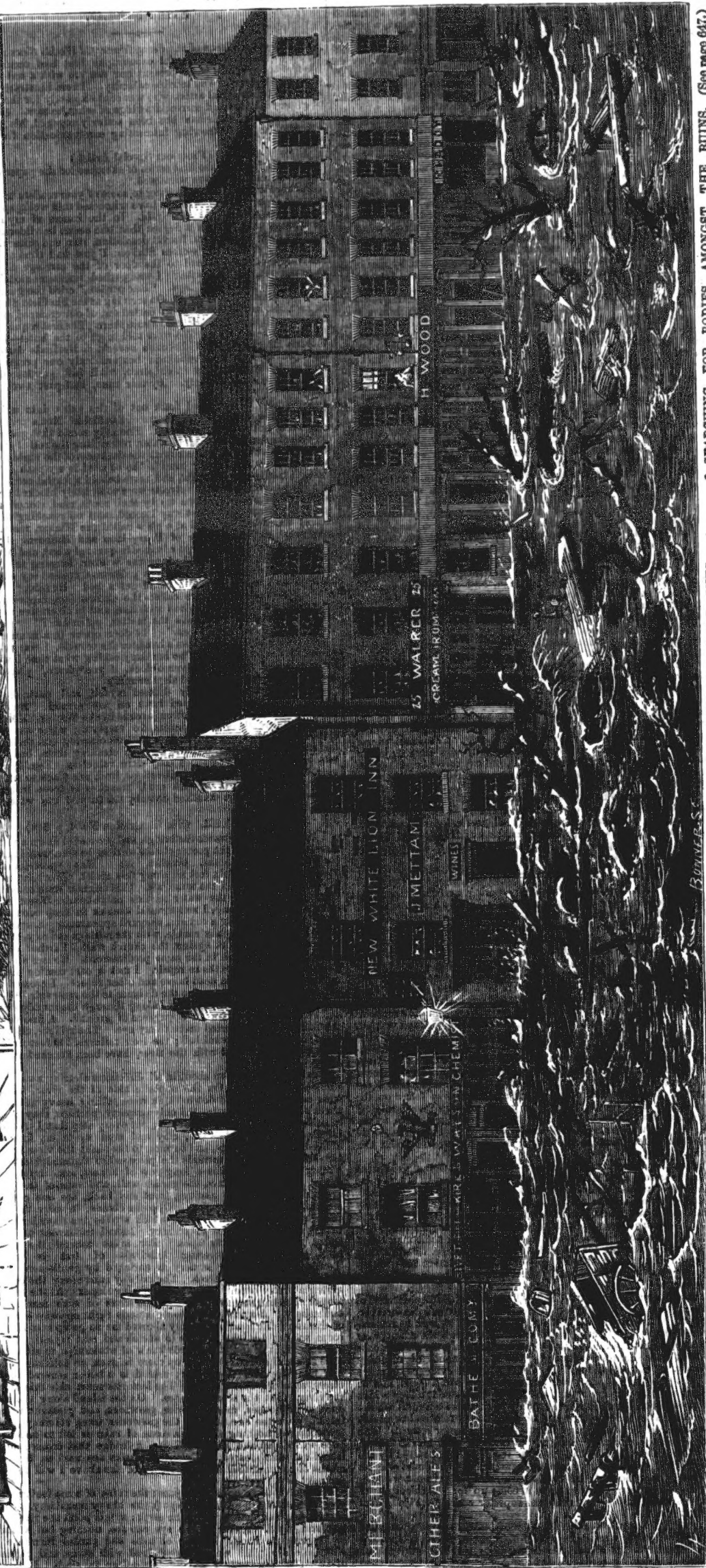


1. SCENE IN THE PARLOUR AT THE SHAKSPERE INN.

2. GROUP OF WOMEN WEeping FOR THE LOST ONES.

4. INUNDATION OF THE WICKER, AT SHEFFIELD.

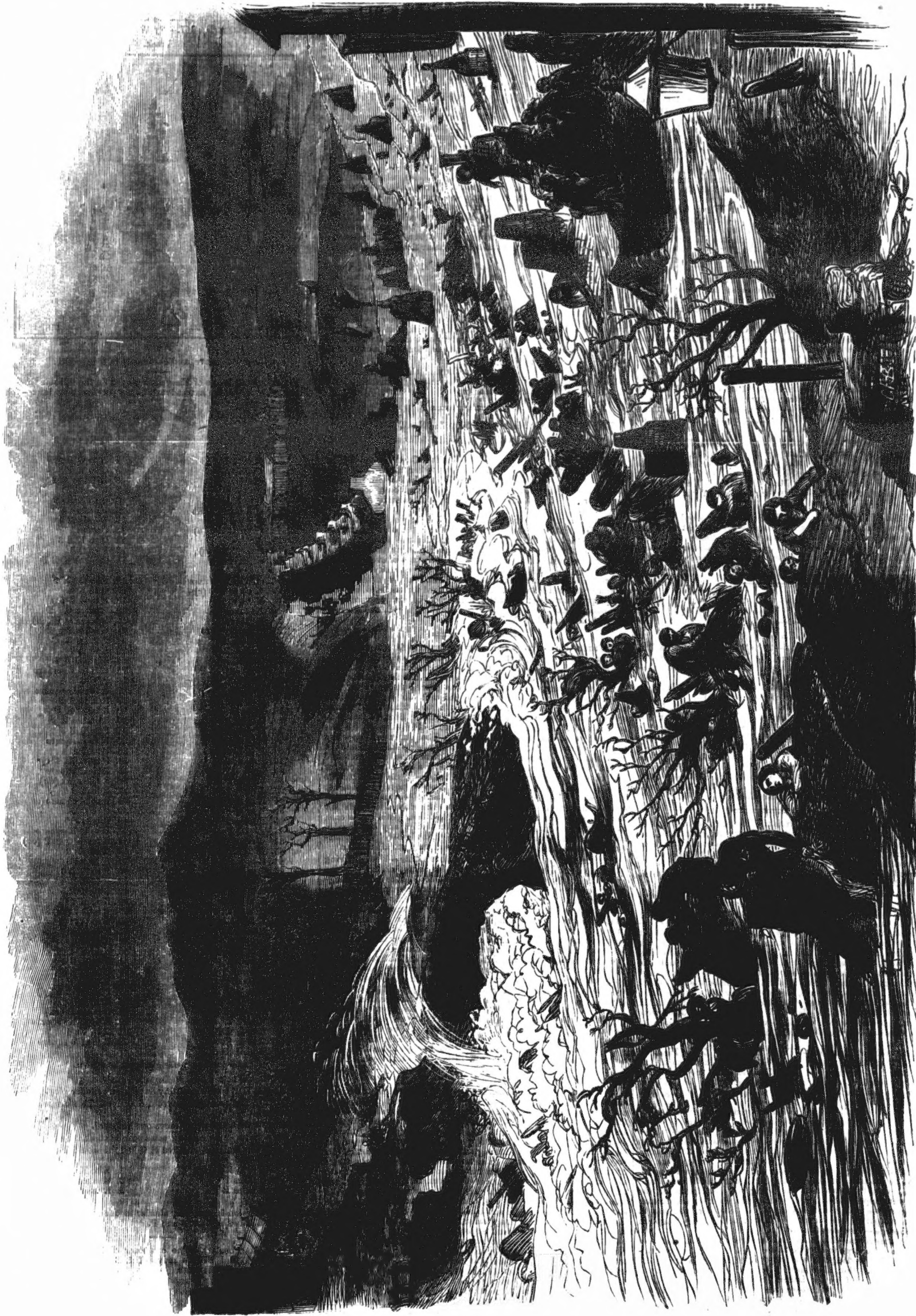
3. SEARCHING FOR BODIES AMONGST THE RUINS. (See page 647.)







1. SCENE IN THE PARLOUR AT THE SHAKSPERE INN. 2. GROUP OF WOMEN WEeping FOR THE LOST ONES. 3. SEARCHING FOR BODIES AMONGST THE RUINS. (See page 647.)



THE FLOOD AT HILLSBORO'.—From a Sketch by an Eye-Witness, as seen from the Hills.—(See page 647.)



## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**THE THEATRES.**—During the past week the majority of the theatres have been wholly or partially closed, preparatory (independent of its being Pass-on-week) to the production of the usual Easter novelties.—**COVENT GARDEN.**—The Royal Italian Opera season commences at this establishment on Tuesday next, with Bellini's opera of "Norma," in which Miss Emilia Lagura will make her first appearance in England.—At **DRURY LANE**, on Easter Monday, the first part of "Henry IV" is to be revived on a scale of the utmost grandeur. The cast will include the names of Mr. Phelps, Mr. Walter Montgomery, Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. Addison, Mr. Byder, Mr. Robert Roxby, Mr. Barrett, Mr. B. Phelps, Mr. Rayner, Mr. H. Vandenhoff, Mr. G. Belmont, Mr. Ellerton, Mr. Fitzjames, Mr. Neville, Miss Rose Leclercq and Mrs. Edmund Falconer. The characteristia scenery will be entirely designed and painted by Mr. William Beverly, and the costumes, armour, &c., fashioned by designs taken from illustrated MSS of the period.—The novelty at the **HAYMARKET** will be a new burlesque by Mr. Burnand, entitled "Venus and Adonis." Of course Mr. Sothorn will still continue his infatigable personation.—The **LYCEUM** makes no alteration, "Bel Shemon" being still kept on the bills.—The **OLYMPIC** also will continue to run through the Easter holidays with the "Ticket-of-Leave Man."—At the **ADELPHI**, "Leah" will be re-produced with new scenery; and, at the **ST. JAMES'S**, Mr. Planche's extravaganza of the "Golden Fleece."—The **NEW ROYALTY** produce another new extravaganza, by Mr. Burnand, called "Bunfustitakin; or, the Woman at the Wheel."—The **SURREY** brings forward an additional new drama, "The Soldier of Fortune; or, the Devil's Death Tower;" and at the **VICTORIA**, a new drama, called "The Woman in Red."—The **STRAND** will still continue its successful burlesque of "Orpheus and Eurydice," and in addition, a new comedietta entitled "A Hunt for a Husband," with "Margate Sands."—**SADLER'S WELLS** will re-open at Easter with the British Opera Company, with Mmes. Tonneller, Mr. B. Bowler, and Mr. O. Summers.—The Princess's, having achieved such a success with the revival of "The Comedy of Errors," will retain it as its principal attraction; also "Paul's Return," with a new farce, by Mr. J. M. Morton, under the title of "Drawing-rooms, Second-floor, and Attics."—The Easter novelty at **ASTLEY'S** will be a sensation drama, entitled "Rosalie; or, The Chain of Guilt," followed by a grand ballet.

**THE PAVILION.**—On Monday evening last Mr. John Campbell, the respected manager of this popular East-end establishment, took his benefit. The house was well filled. The performance commenced with "The Sea of Ice," followed by "The White Horse of the Peppers," in which Mr. John Campbell appeared as the Irish guide; concluding with the new drama of "A Year and a Day."

**POLYGRAPHIC HALL.**—Mr. W. S. Woodin opened his new budget of comedies at this hall on Tuesday evening last. He was warmly welcomed by a full and fashionable audience. His new entertainment is entitled "An Elopement Extraordinary," and "Bachelor's Box." In both of these, we need scarcely add, Mr. Woodin was quite at home in a variety of new characters.

## Sporting.

## BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

**THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.**—11 to 2 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Fille de l'Air (y); 6 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (off); 7 to 1 agst Captain White's Cambrucan (y); 1,000 to 15 agst Cambrucan winning this and the Derby (off).

**CITY AND SOUTHSEA.**—8 to 1 agst Lister and Veterinarian (t to £100); 8 to 1 agst Lister and Jarnicot (t to £100).

**THE DERBY.**—8 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (y); 14 to 1 agst Captain White's Cambrucan (off); 100 to 7 agst Mr. Naylor's Coastguard (t and off); 18 to 1 agst Lord St Vincent's Forger (y); 25 to 1 agst Mr. L'Asson's Blair Athol (y); 80 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's First Flight (t to £200); 35 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Claremont (off); 35 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Idler (off); 40 to 1 agst Mr. H. Hill's Copenhagen (y); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. W. S. Crawford's Balernoock (y); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. G. Oates's King John (y); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's lot (y); 11 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's lot (y); 12 to 1 agst John Scott's lot (off).

**MALES AND FEMALES IN SCOTLAND.**—The census returns are now furnishing matter for speculation. Our Aberdeen contemporary, the *Journal*, says:—"The relative proportions of the sexes at different periods of life is worth remark. The male births exceed the female by 5 per cent; but this superiority is not long maintained. About the 18th year the numbers are nearly equal, and after 20 the males decrease. At 30 there are 170 females for every 100 males; but that surplus decreases gradually, till, at 60, the proportions are 116 to 100. This is in Scotland; and the difference cannot be entirely ascribed to the greater rate of mortality among males, although possibly that, no doubt, to some extent accounts for it. The army, the navy, and merchant naval service, and the general wandering disposition of our countrymen, are taken as the main causes of the great disparity; and the Registrar-General ascribes the gradual diminution of the female surplus about middle life to the return of the wanderers from their far-off sojourn. Scotsmen are apt to take to celibacy. That is, perhaps, one of the reasons why Scotland, before the Reformation, was so extensively inundated by monks. In 1861, out of 888,492 males above 15 years of age, 393,160 were bachelors; in other words, about 45 out of every 100. To make matters worse, there are in the population 182,820 more marriageable women than men."

**PERILS IN NEW ZEALAND.**—From the *Otago Daily Times* of December 18th, we learn that Mr. J. G. Skinner, manager of the Otago Branch of the Bank of New Zealand, was robbed on the highway on the 12th of that month. It seems that Mr. Skinner was on his usual journey to Nevis for the purpose of buying gold on behalf of the bank, and that before he had left the town more than a mile and a half behind he was stopped by two men, one of whom presented a gun and the other a pistol. The horse on which Mr. Skinner was riding, being a spirited animal, shied and threw him, upon which he was instantly bound hand and foot, dragged behind a rock, gagged and robbed of £800 in notes and £5 in silver. The thieves then took their departure, leaving Mr. Skinner, as they doubtless thought, in a helpless condition, but we are glad to find that he succeeded in extricating himself from his bonds, and the result was, that two men answering the description of the robbers were apprehended in a very short time after the occurrence. Mr. Skinner, we understand, is a son of Mr. Skinner, who was at one time the parish schoolmaster of Avoch and latterly chaplain at Fort George.—*Inverness Courier.*

**TO CONSUMPTIVES.**—Dr. M. J. James, the retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King-street, Covent-garden London.—[Advertisement.]

A PERFECT state of health may be ensured by the occasional use of Parr's Life Pills, which may be bought for a trifle of any chemist in the Kingdom.—[Advertisement.]

## The Court.

According to present arrangements, her Majesty and the royal family will remain at Windsor Castle till about the 31st of April, when the Queen and members of the Court will remove to Osborne where they will reside for about three weeks, and afterwards return to Windsor Castle for a short period. On leaving Windsor, the Queen will proceed to Balmoral.

By command of the Queen a Drawing-room was held on Saturday at St James's Palace, by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales on behalf of her Majesty. Presentations to her royal highness at this Court are, by the Queen's pleasure, to be considered as equivalent to presentations to her Majesty.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wore a blue velvet train ornamented with silver cord and tassels; a petticoat of white satin, with Brussels lace flounces and trimmings of blue velvet and silver flowers; the head-dress a tira of diamonds, with feathers and tulle veil with silver stars. Her royal highness also wore a necklace, brooch, and earrings of pearls and diamonds, a corsage of the Olty diamonds, and the Portuguese order of Isabella.

Her Royal Highness Princess Helena wore a train of rich pink silk, trimmed with crape ruchoe; petticoat of white glaze, covered with white tulle ruffles and trimmed with bunches of moss roses and acacia. Head-dress, wreath of the same flowers, and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz wore a mantau of rich blue satin, trimmed with Honiton lace; petticoat of white satin, with Honiton flounces; tiara, necklace, stomacher, and earrings, diamonds and pearls.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary of Cambridge wore a white tulle petticoat, with ruffles of blue crape covered with silver, tulle veil, a white corded silk train, lined with blue and trimmed with Mechin lace; head-dress, a diadem of diamonds with forget-me-nots, feathers, and silver veil; necklace, stomacher and earrings of diamonds and turquoises.

The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of the 10th Hussars, of which regiment his royal highness is colonel, with the Star of the Garter and the Star of India.

## THE QUEEN AND THE INUNDATION AT SHEFFIELD

MR. ROEBUCK, M.P., has forwarded the following letter to the Mayor of Sheffield:—

"Windsor Castle, March 16.

"Sir,—I have had the honour to submit to her Majesty the Queen your letter received last night. Her Majesty had already directed me to make inquiry whether any subscription had been commenced for the relief of the sufferers by the fearful calamity which has occurred near Sheffield.

"The Queen has commanded me to inform you that it is her Majesty's intention to contribute 200*l.* towards the object advocated in your letter. Her Majesty has commanded me to add the expression of her deep sympathy for the poor persons thus suddenly overwhelmed with grief and exposed to sufferings of every description in consequence of this unexpected and dire calamity. As I am not aware of the name of the treasurer, I shall be very much obliged to you if you will take the trouble to forward the enclosed check to the proper quarter.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient humble servant.

"J. A. Roebuck, Esq. M.P."

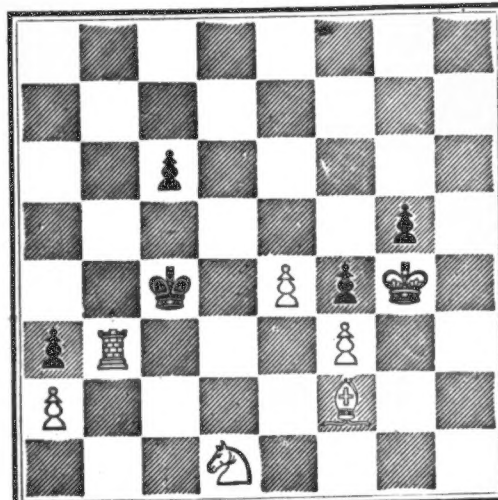
**A CHILD CHARGED WITH INCENDIARISM.**—At the Maidstone Assizes, Robert Large, a child seven years old, was called upon to surrender and take his trial, upon a charge of having feloniously and maliciously set fire to a wheat stack. The little fellow came into court crying, and when he was placed in the dock and asked to plead, he replied, "I did not do it;" and then asked whether his mother was there. The Chief Baron appeared astonished at seeing such a child charged with so serious an offence, and he inquired how old he was? He was informed that he was just seven. The statement appeared to create quite a sensation in court. His lordship said he could not understand how a charge of this description came to be preferred against such a child, and if he had been only a few months younger the law would not have permitted it to be done. He added that he should be glad to be informed whether it was seriously intended to go on with the prosecution? His lordship was informed that counsel had been retained to prosecute. Shortly afterwards Mr. Barrow, to whom it appeared a brief had been given in the case, came into court, and said he should not offer any evidence in support of the charge. A verdict of "Not guilty" was consequently taken, and the little fellow was given up to his mother.

**FRENCH AID FOR THE SHEFFIELD SUFFERERS.**—The following letter appears in *Galignani*, together with an intimation that the proprietors of that paper will be happy, in accordance with the suggestion of the writer, to transmit to the proper quarter any subscriptions that may be forwarded to them:—"Our hearts are all moved by the recital of the dreadful calamity that has just desolated a fair, populous, and thriving district of our dear England. Assuredly the first emotion of every English heart will be a wish to do what may be done to succour those who have thus suddenly been reduced from comfort and prosperity to distress and poverty. With such a desire, and remembering that *his dat qui cito dat*, let us who reside in this city make no delay, but by a ready, active, and practical sympathy testify that the English in Paris feel a deep and lively interest in the sorrows as in the joys of their native land. I feel sure that you will be ready to receive subscriptions, and to transmit them to suitable hands in England. I would suggest, besides, that appeals be made from the pulpit by the English clergymen and ministers in Paris; and as there may be many to whom, whilst willing to do their share, neither of these ways of giving may be convenient, I would propose also a personal canvass by a few friends having a little leisure for it, who should be furnished with credentials of recognised authority.—EVOCATUS PARATUS, R.H.R.—Paris, March 15."

**SHOCKING MURDER NEAR ALLOA.**—On Tuesday, Thomas Arnot, a surfaceman, was engaged in his usual occupation, about three miles to the west of Alloa of repairing the turnpike road, and about four o'clock he had completed some improvement on the footpath, and had levelled the road above the run channel. At this juncture James Paton, aged about twelve years, a boy employed on the farmstead of Haugh of Blackgrange, came up with a cart on his way to Glenochil distillery. The boy, instead of keeping the centre of the road, had, it appears, led his cart so close upon the footpath as to destroy or damage part of the work on which Arnot, the surfaceman, had been engaged. Irritated at what he saw, Arnot went deliberately up to the boy, and with the flat side of his spade struck him on the shoulder and back, felling the boy to the ground. His wrath not having been appeased, but growing still more furious, Arnot, now holding his spade edge-wise, struck the boy with his full strength several violent blows on the head, face, and hands. No words passed between the two, and Arnot left the boy on the footpath frightfully and fatally wounded. The boy when found was speechless, and died at one o'clock on the following morning. On being interrogated by some persons Arnot fully admitted what he had done, declared that he gave the boy no chance of escape, but expressed his belief that the boy destroyed his work on the footpath purposely to annoy him, or that he had done it at the instigation of others. He now lies in the prison of Alloa.—*Scotch Paper.*

## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 167.—By W. MALHERRON, Esq.  
Black.



White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

The following is one of the games played in the "Home Circle" Tourney, to which we have adverted on a previous occasion:—

White.	Black.
Mr. Wormald.	Mr. Smith.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5	3. P to Q R 3
4. B to Q R 4	4. B to Q B 4
5. P to Q B 3	5. Q to K B 3
6. Castles	6. K Kt to K 2
7. P to Q 4	7. P takes P
8. B to K Kt 5	8. Q to K Kt 3
9. Q B takes K Kt	9. Kt takes B
10. P takes P	10. B to Q R 2
11. Q Kt to B 3 (a)	11. Castles
12. Kt to K 5	12. Q to K B 3
13. P to K B 4 (b)	13. P to Q 3
14. Kt to K B 3	14. Q takes K B P
15. Q to Q 3	15. H to K 3
16. Q R to K square	16. P to Q Kt 4
17. K Kt to Q 2 (c)	17. Q to K 4
18. K Kt to B 3	18. B to Q B 5
19. Kt takes Q	19. B takes Q
20. Kt takes B	20. B takes Q P (ch)
21. K to R square	21. B takes Kt
22. P takes B	22. P takes B
23. P takes B	23. P to Q 4
24. P to K 5 (d)	24. Kt to Q B 3
25. R to K B 4	25. K R to K square
26. R takes Q R P	26. P to Q R 4
27. P to K Kt 3	27. Q R to Q square
28. K to B 2	28. K R to K 3
29. Kt to K B 4	29. R takes K P
30. R takes R	30. Kt takes R
31. R takes Q R P	31. P to Q B 3
32. R to Q R 7	32. K to B square
33. P to K R 3	33. P to Q B 4
34. K to K 2	34. P to K Kt 4
35. Kt to Q 3	35. R to K square
36. Kt takes Kt	36. K takes Kt (ch)
37. K to B 2	37. R to K 2
38. R to R 8 (ch)	38. R to K square
39. R to Q R 7	39. P to Q 5
40. P takes P	40. P takes P
41. R to Q 7	41. R to Q R square
42. R takes Q P	42. R takes Q P (ch)
43. K to Kt square	43. K to Kt 2
44. R to K 4 (e)	44. K to Kt 3
45. B to K 8	45. P to K B 3
46. R to K 7	46. P to K B 4
47. B to K 8	47. R to K R 5
48. K to Kt 2	48. K to B 4
49. R to Q Kt 8	49. R to R 7 (ch)
50. K to Kt square	50. R to Q 7
51. R to K 8	51. R to Q 5
52. R to K 2	52. K to K 5
53. R to K B 2 (ch)	53. K to K 4
54. R to Q 2	54. P to K B 4
55. K to Kt 2	55. P to K R 5
56. P takes P	56. R takes P
57. R to Q R 2	57. P to K Kt 5 (f)
58. R to Q Kt 5 (ch)	58. K to B 5
59. P takes P (g)	59. R takes P (ch)
60. K to B 2	60. R to K Kt square
61. R to Q R 4 (ch)	61. K to Kt 4
62. R to Q Kt 4	62. K to Q B square
63. R to Q Kt 3	

And the game was given up as drawn.

- (a) White has now a fine, well-opened game.  
(b) B takes Q P would probably have been sounder play.  
(c) Q Kt to K 2 would have avoided all loss. This careless move loses a Pawn.  
(d) Almost the only saving move on the board.  
(e) To prevent Black gaining possession of the King's file.  
(f) If White had now checked at Q R 4, he would have lost the game, e.g. :—  
1. R to Q R 4 (ch) 1. K to Kt 4  
2. P takes P 2. R takes P (ch)  
3. R takes B 3. K takes R gaining the opposition  
(g) The position is now very similar to one given by Philidor to prove that R draws against R and P.

C. ADIN (Manchester).—The composer of Problem No. 154 has evidently overlooked Black's move of I. B to K B 6 (ch), which completely frustrates the mate.

J. MARSHALL.—The "Chess-Player's Magazine" is published by Mr. E. Healey, 37, Change-alley, Cornhill, London. The price is 1*s.*, and the work appears monthly. We can highly recommend it to you. Your solutions are correct.

J. O. MILLS.—Problems 17 and 18 are too simple for publication. Nevertheless, try again.



POLICE COURTS  
BOW STREET

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

WORSHIP-STREET.

THAMES

**SOUTHWARK**

GREENWICH

"THE TRAVELLER" QUESTION, AND HARBOURING A POLICE-CONSTABLE.—John Murray, landlord of the Brockley Castle beer-shop, Lewisham, appeared to two summonses before Mr. Trill, the one leaving him with opening his house for the sale of liquor before one o'clock on Sunday, and the other for harbouring a police constable when on duty. Mr. Superintendent Bray also attended to watch the case on behalf of the Commissioners of Police. Police-constable 1213 said that he was on duty in plain clothes on Sunday morning, and a little before twelve o'clock he saw a cart in front of defendant's house, from which six persons alighted, and entered by the front door. Three men also entered the house by a side door, and after them a police-constable wearing his armet (showing he was on duty), and a bricklayer likewise entered by the side door. Witness then entered the house by the side door, and found ten men standing in front of the bar, and two quart pots and glasses containing malt liquor before them on the counter. The constable was at the bar also, eating bread and cheese (Loafers). He called defendant's attention to what was going on, and he replied that the man with the constable was a lodger, and that the others were travellers. The defendant in answer to the magistrate, admitted the witness's statement, and said that the persons who entered his house from the cart had come from London, and claimed to be served as travellers. The constable had only been served with two pennyworth of bread and cheese. Mr. Trill said that the defendant, as a beer-retailer merely, had no right to open his house to travellers during the hours his house would otherwise have to be closed. At all events he must have very well known that the policeman he had served could not claim to be supplied with refreshments as a traveller. The defendant then put his witness in the witness box, and asked him to supply the names of the refreshment sellers. Mr. Trill examined the witness and said that he did not know where the licensing authorities obtained the words used, as they were not to be found in the Beer Laws, and that they were only applicable to licensed victuallers as innkeepers. He should, therefore, advise the police authorities to obtain the necessary alteration in the wording of such licenses, as being illegal, and calculated to mislead beer-shop keepers generally. Mr. Superintendent Bray said he thought it right to mention that the constables found in defendant's house had been taken before the Police Commissioners and had been punished. The defendant was fined 20s. and costs.





MUTINOUS SEPOYS SURPRISED BY THE 9TH LANCERS. (See page 655.)

## Literature

## HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.

A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

## CHAPTER XLII.

THE 12TH OF JUNE AT DELHI.

THROUGHOUT the long, weary journey from Bithoor to Delhi Lota did not once see her child. She had stooped her neck before the Nena, conquered by her love for the child; and she promised to obey him, although the first call upon her obedience was the resignation of her child during that journey.

But she only yielded on one condition—to the effect that the palanquin in which the child was carried should be near her own, and that the little boy should be seen by her every time the cavalcade stopped.

Under the condition that she let not any of her people mark her watching the boy, this permission was granted by the Nena.

So Lota, the priestess-sacrifice, journeyed alone—but for the presence of the spirit of the great Brahma, as the poor fanatics about her asserted. They supposed that she was above all mortal passions, that she was almost divine; and meanwhile, as the cavalcade stopped, she was peering from between the curtains of her palanquin, and watching that Vengha should, according to the agreement, prove to the mother that her child was safe.

Vengha never watched the little Olive so eagerly as now. For the first time the child of the white man had a value in her eyes.

Meanwhile, Lota was wretchedly contented as she saw the child. She knew not what was before the boy and herself, she was ignorant of how soon they might both be devoted to destruction; but, in a measure, she was at peace in a wild delirious manner.

She had found her child, and in that knowledge she learnt content. She did not stop to ask herself whether it had not been better had she not set eyes upon the little boy. All she knew was that she could see him once more, and in this wealth of the present, she neither cared to look into the immediate future, nor did she regard the past.

Women who are mothers, and who have lost their children, can comprehend this feeling.

Nay, so powerful was it that barely she recalled to her mind the revelation which the Nena had made concerning her birth. When she heard him say that she was not an Indian, that she belonged to the race from which her husband came, a strange feeling of undreamt of liberty swept over her; but, in a very few moments the comprehension of the liberty which had been given to her soul passed from her mind, and all her thought was concentrated upon the innocent child.

Of what weight was the knowledge of her birth when compared with her love for her child, and her gratitude at finding him once more? Of what weight was the regret she experienced at times, as she recollected hurriedly that she had deserted her husband? Her birth but concerned herself, and in this terrible time what selfishness she experienced was concentrated in her love for her little one. Nor did her love for her husband form any deep reproach in this her time of suffering.

He was strong and safe, she thought, and could exist without her presence, while she justified her absence by her success in finding the child.

Did she look into the future?

It is impossible to say with any degree of certainty that during the first two days of that weary journey to the capital of the revolted district that fairly she faced the difficulties which stood in her path.

She did not care to know what might happen. She did not question herself as to the probabilities of what she and the boy might have to endure.

All she cared to know was that the child was near her. She lived in the hope of the halts, at each of which she for a few moments saw her child. Every one of these stages, as it came to a conclusion, appeared to have the power of stretching itself out indefinitely, and she would fret and clasp her hands together, wondering when the monotonous rocking, and the dead, dull sound of the bearers' naked feet was about to stop.

She lay all day in her palanquin, facing her son's litter. She would have felt it was deserting him to lie with her face in any other direction.

But it was on the third day, and when the cortege was only eight hours from its destination, that any scheme of action entered her brain which had for its object the defeat of the Nena.

She began to think over what could be done, when an enthusiast kneeling before her at the opening of her palanquin on the occasion of one of her many halts, said, "Purest goddess, in four hours we shall enter the holy city, where thou wilt be the greatest within its walls!"

What could she do?

Suddenly the power—and it was so momentary in its conception and comprehension that it is quite impossible to speak of it in any other style than the abrupt manner in which it is here referred to—suddenly the power to contend with the Nena came to her.

This gleam of power took the following form.

What if she retorted upon the Nena the power he had been the means of creating through and by her? What if she learned his projects completely, and turned them upon him by means of the power she exercised through his duplicity? What if she defied his power over her by exercising that power over him which was more potent than his own?

By so doing she felt she would be able to act as she desired; would be in a position to put the Nena as completely under her power as he had placed her in his by threatening the mother through her love for her child.

From this thought were born many others. She had no compunction in betraying India, now she knew she did not belong to

that land—now that she had learnt she was that child of white parents which in face and appearance she had always been.

The idea of conquering the Nena by the very power he had plotted so successfully to place at her command, was quickly followed by the eager hope that if she ruled at Delhi without an enemy to thwart her, she would be her own mistress. Then followed the fierce delight.

"I shall gain my child—we shall be together!"

Then followed the thought of the escape of her and the boy back to the people to whom they both and equally belonged. She had no doubt that she was of English parentage, for she asked herself, what end would it have served the Nena to tell her she was of English blood if such were not the case? She readily comprehended that the truth of her birth had been told her to intensify her fear of the Nena and his wretched myrmidon, Vengha, and thereby to mould her more completely to their will.

It was an expanse of hope to feel that if once she gained absolute power, she would gain the liberty of going where she thought fit on Indian ground.

Then followed, in swift, sweet succession, a flood of hopes. She would pretend that she was called to some spot near the English garrison; she would declare that it was her mission to penetrate in disguise amongst the white enemies, to gain some information; and so, taking her child with her, she would gain once more some spot of land held by the English, and then she felt she should be safe.

But, in strict accordance with the inscrutable laws of Nature, it happens frequently that the joy of hope is as dangerous in its effects as may be the calamity of despair. That delirium of anticipation acted upon Lota St. Maur more injuriously than any misery through which she had passed since wrongly she fled from her husband's house.

It was this injury, this threat of coming catastrophe, which was the foundation of that triumph on her face, to which I have already faintly referred in shadowing out her entry into Delhi.

It has been said how the mannikin King of Delhi came out to meet the goddess-priestess, and how even the wives of that potentate honoured Lota in the Indian way, by meeting her at the gate of the city.

Lota's material triumph was immense, as she passed through the narrow, crowded, glittering streets of the city; but it was as nothing compared to the triumph in her own mind as she whispered to herself—"They bend to me, they yield to me; and by the strength of their belief, I will have no man oppose me—the Nena shall do my bidding."

And as she thought thus, a wild, powerful look spread over her face, from before which the Nena should have fallen back, had he seen it, and had he been wise enough to comprehend its meaning.

As for that potentate, he was borne on towards Delhi in lazy, sleepy satisfaction. So far all went well. He was the foremost man in the mutiny, and the insurrection spread daily. What soft dreams of future success and power had this man, as he lay back with half-closed eyes in a palanquin, and lazily smoked!

Perhaps he anticipated overthrowing the King of Delhi, perhaps he anticipated ruling as the Emperor of Hindostan. But who cares what he thought, or what he hoped? His schemes are not worth



STATE PROCESSION OF THE KING, OF DELHI. (See page 654.)





a place in history. A fugitive, and fallen, guilty and a coward, who cares to speculate on the hopes of such a man, when at the apex of his short, bloodthirsty glory?

But whatever were his thoughts, it may be certainly said, mercy for no human being found a resting place amidst his cruel schemes.

It can readily be comprehended why the Nena separated Lota from her child.

It will be remembered it has been said that he had determined to perfect Lota's power over the Indians by compelling her to sacrifice the child. And this act he decided upon effecting notwithstanding that the basis of his power over her depended wholly upon the possession of the child he held.

But it will not be forgotten that, arch-devil as he was in cunning, he had formed a scheme by which he hoped to maintain his power over Lota, while at the same time he subjected the Indians to a superstitious belief by presenting them with the awful sight of making her sacrifice her child in witness of her hatred of the English.

The mode in which the Nena hoped to obtain this influence over Lota St. Maur, as our readers already know, was by enticing the husband, whom the Nena knew thoroughly well, to Delhi, and then placing him in the position which had been held by the sacrificed child.

The Nena felt that if once he held the husband in his power, although the child might be annihilated, his control over the mother would still be supreme.

Clever at speculating upon the passions of other men, deep in the art of plotting and weighing the acts and thoughts of humanity, he hoped that he had schemed with sufficient ability to make sure of the possession of the baronet.

Having prompted the rumours set afloat by Vengha amongst the 3—th, to the effect that Lota was an apostate from the English, and had fled to the Indians, he felt that if once the baronet were informed his wife had fled, not for her love of the Indians, but to find their child, he would, if proofs were shown him when he learnt this truth, at once set forth to the help of both wife and child.

And thus it was that the Nena hoped, by practising upon English love and courage, first to entrap an English mother, and afterwards to dupe an English gentleman, by appealing to that gentleman's best and most honourable passion—his love for wife and child.

Happily the Nena was not to be absolutely successful in this, his last web of chicanery.

Doubtless, had Olive St. Maur not fled on the 9th of June from Lucknow, had he but remained till the next day, when the Nena's agent arrived, bringing with him undoubted proof of the story he was to tell, to the effect that the mother and child were safe in the house of friendly Hindoos, and prayed that he would come to them, it is unquestionable that he would have confided himself to the racially messenger. This afterwards he admitted.

But it so fell out that the spy had but his journey for his trouble, if we except the information he obtained, by which he was in a position, had he maintained his liberty, to inform the Nena that St. Olive was a deserter.

It is the 13th of June, and late in that day, a solitary Parsee entered the city of Delhi.

No one spoke to him—to no human being did he speak from the time he passed the gate till he reached the palace.

Hindoo and Mussulman passed him with equal indifference, with no love and with no hate.

He was but a Parsee, thought Hindoo and Mussulman; and while he belonged to a people who was not sufficiently powerful to be hated, his faith rendered him despicable before the theological eyes of both the followers of Brahma and of Mahomed.

But in Indian commercial affairs no man is more trusted than your Parsee, who is always known by the peculiar cap he wears. The Parsee bears a high character for honesty and straightforward simplicity, all the world over. He believes in an unknown, never-seen one God, whose evidence is unceasingly seen in all the shapes of nature. Therefore the Parsee reverences the grandest and most striking forms of nature as most typical of the one God.

The highest evidence of the goodness of God is the sun, and this he bows to when the orb salutes each new-made day, and when, in the grandeur of the evening, the benignant planet which warms our earth is hidden in the west. The Parsee tolerates all religions which are gentle and merciful, being himself gentle, merciful; and perhaps, therein he sets a lesson to the violent of all religious sects of this wide, self-contradicting world.

When the Parsee, to whom reference has been made, stood in the shadow of the palace wall, and stopped, as though uncertain what to do, a Hindoo addressed him.

"Thou Parsee, what dost thou here?"

"I am stopped, good friend, by this wall."

"Dost thou seek to pass this wall?"

"Nay, good friend, pass on thy own way."

"Thou art tired, Parsee."

"I am tired."

"But thou art not wise enough to rest?" said the Hindoo.

"I am wise enough to be patient when a prattler wastes time with me. God be with thee, Hindoo! I have much to do ere prayer time come."

"Thy prayer time is with the setting sun, is it not?"

"Ay!"

"Thou shalt pray to our God this very day!"

"How knowest thou that, friend Hindoo?"

"Because all Delhi knoweth that this day the God Brahma will appear in the high dome of heaven, over above where the sun sets; and if thou dost kneel to the sun thou wilt kneel also to Brahma!"

Now, had the Hindoo been looking intently at the Parsee he might have marked that at these words for a moment a faint smile swept over the Parsee's face. But the faithful follower, on the contrary, was looking up at the bright azure firmament, as though expecting the Indian Jehovah to be already witnessed in the vast space.

"How comes it that India shall see its Brahma this very day?" asked the Parsee, who in spite of his pretended desire to get rid of the Hindoo, which might have been a scheme to throw the man off his guard, did not appear to be in any hurry to be alone again, and once more silent.

"Our goddess-priestess has declared Brahma will appear."

"Who is this goddess?" asked the Parsee, putting the question with no earnestness, but in a manner which might have appeared to a stranger as being a symptom of a plain desire for some unseen purpose to carry on the conversation.

"She is as beautiful as the world, Parsee! Her eyes are as the deep violet colour of the sunset skies, and her hair is as threads of the sun, or as the burnished gold!"

"HOLY HEAVEN!"

These words, uttered by the Parsee in English, the Hindoo did not comprehend. Enthusiastic on the subject to which he was addressing himself, he continued in the figurative language which all the races of Hindostan use when they are deeply moved.

"She is not as other Brahmines. Her face is pale as the face of the forlorn, and her lips are as those of a newly born infant, innocent looking, and with a smile upon them. She is like no other living woman. And this day, as the sun sets, she will call upon Brahma, and the great God Brahma will appear."

For a few moments the Parsee did not speak.

Then he said, "Where shall this wonder be held?"

"In the palace gardens, with the great priestess facing the sun."

"Canst thou take me there?"

"Nay; there have been thousands of the faithful waiting since yesterday to gain the light of her face."

"Knowest thou any man at this palace?"

"Ay, Parsee; for I know myself, I being a sweeper there."

The Parsee took from his pocket two pieces of English gold.

"Take me to the palace, and these are thine."

"They are traitor's gold," said the Hindoo.

"They will melt," replied the Parsee, continuing to speak in that earnest tone which he had used since the Hindoo had described the miraculous priestess.

And as the Hindoo held out the thin, delicate hand which is typical of the race, and took the couple of atoms of that metal which, without being miraculous, can effect wonders, the clinking of the English gold was drowned in the sudden clash of music which swept up to the spot where the two widely-different men were standing.

"What means that?" asked the Parsee.

"It's the King riding amidst his people, as he now does daily (a)!"

A few moments, and the old King passed, with his retinue. This shadow of a potentate was carried in a silver chair of state; and as he was carried along the people stooped.

But when a closed palanquin, hung with curtains of cloth of silver, was carried past, the people did more than stoop. They prostrated themselves; and every man hid his eyes within the hollow of the arm, as though a great and unendurable light were passing.

"Stoop—stoop, for thy life!" cried the Hindoo. "Behold, this is the priestess!"

The Parsee fell upon his knees, and covered his face with his hands; but between his spread fingers, amongst the open spaces of which tears were falling, the kneeling man saw the blurred figure of the silver litter as it was carried past.

He did not kneel from fear, but by force of love.

The music died away in the distance, and then the Hindoo, who had already risen, touched the still kneeling Parsee on the shoulder, and said, "Parsee, thou art in tears. Has the mere awful passage of the priestess almost converted thee? Come—come to the palace. When Brahma appears we will worship him, O Parsee, head in hand. Come with me, thou shalt enter the palace as readily as by one mighty breath the great Brahma can make new worlds on worlds."

It is sunset, and not one Hindoo face in all the gardens of the palace is turned towards the luminary.

All that human sight is bent upon the white marble platform, where she is to appear in the yellow light of the setting sun.

Not a sound is heard, except a soft wuthering of muttered prayer.

Long are the moments, and did they but turn they would mark that the sun was very near the horizon.

See the mass of human beings, thousands upon thousands, sink as though the ground below them had yielded at their weight. Not one upstanding man is to be seen.

Not one sound beyond a sob of awe from the crowd is to be heard, for the sharp, quick cry which cut the air as the priestess appeared was quickly ended.

It was Lota.

She was dressed in shimmering white, against which her skin looked as pink-tinted deadened pearl. Her yellow hair, the only colour, save the shadowed, violet eyes that could be remarked within the boundary of her presence,—her hair slightly stood out from her head before it fell in waves about her neck and breast; and as the sun shone on it, and lit up each individual hair, it seemed as though it was illuminated with an iridescence of its own.

Amidst those dusky faces, heavy brows, and glittering eyes, she did appear a goddess able to command, and yet willing to create love rather than awe.

But what of the expression of her face.

It was like a wild sea, heedless of itself in its impetuosity.

Behind her stood the Nena, dressed in white, so that his hands, some, yet evil-looking face looked very dark and terrible in the neighbourhood of Lota's countenance.

About Lota and the Nena stood the King, his favourite wives, and his Court, most of them in white, and all glittering with diamonds.

In their midst stood the Prince Djalma Dureeth, beautiful young, and with an earnestness of love upon his face which made him almost noble.

The Nena, now approaching Lota, and wearing a most reverent, humble expression upon his countenance, spoke in English.

His words (which none on the white marble terrace but he himself and Lota understood) did not agree with his stooping and beseeching countenance.

"Lota, obedience. My will must be thine!"

"Stand back!" she said, imperiously, speaking Sanscrit.

He dared not disobey, and those who marked his face became pallid, laid the tall-tale face to the account of the awe it was supposed, he, in common with those present, felt for the priestess.

As Lota spoke, that awful, wide-looking expression of countenance became more intensified than before.

And now Djalma approached.

He reverentially knelt, and kissed her feet.

"Lota, let me look upon thee!" he said, softly.

"Look on me," she replied, in an odd, wild sort of way, not unmarked by the Parsee.

"I look on thee, but see no love of me, my Lota, on thy countenance. Wilt thou never take me to thy heart? Am I not thine, my Lota—art thou not my promised wife? Return, oh, my love, to India utterly, by taking from the ground he who now sues."

"Who art thou?" she asked, as she moved her head vaguely from side to side.

"Who am I?" asked the prince, in a reproachful and yet most sweet tone. "I am he who is thine own. See, I am at thy feet, to hear thee proclaim before these hosts who bow before thee, that thou wilt be my wife."

"Thy wife!" she cried hurriedly, and as though she had comprehended after having been quite unable to do so.

And then the Nena approached.

"Take heed!" she said, "Obedience, or thy child dies!"

Then the great prince about her mark her place her hands about her head.

And to herself she whispers in English, "I have forgotten my power—I have forgotten how I can defeat him."

It was so. She had forgotten, by the effect of a falling mind, that she had determined to direct that power which the Nena had been the means of placing in her grasp against that potentate himself.

Her mind was breaking under the awful strain to which it had been subjected during a score of days.

(a) STATE PROCESSION OF THE KING OF DELHI.—We give an illustration of the state to which the King of Delhi committed himself directly the city fell into his hands. Previous to the outbreak he was forbidden to appear in the streets with any evidences of royal state. The wretched man was soon to be deprived of royal state in any shape. Prince Solikoff gives a good description of the King of Delhi's appearance at this time, or a little later:—"Suddenly," he says, "the sound of cymbals, gongs, and drums rent the air; then presently came forth from the palace gates a host of horsemen, mounted on richly-caparisoned steeds, followed by palanquins and gaily-painted carriages, drawn by oxen. Next came a number of musicians, with strange instruments, which together produced the most extraordinary jargon of sounds. Now, and a mass of torches, appeared the King himself, looking haggard, infirm, and severe. Seated on a state chair, he was carried on the shoulders of eight men, and was surrounded by foot guards, who ran at his side. In one hand he held the mouth-piece of his hookah, which was carried by an attendant at his side. The singular cavalcade terminated with some twenty elephants, horsemen, and certain officials, bearing flags, umbrellas, and silver sticks."

"Accept, O prophetess!" cried Djalma; "and raise me from the earth to thee, whom next to heaven I love!"

"I—I accept!" said Lota, faintly, and as though wondering at her own words.

And here it was that the Parsee, who had partly risen from his knees, uttered a sharp, quick cry, and fell prone to the ground.

"Ha!" cried the Hindoo, "tis a miracle, Parsee! The great priestess hath converted thee. Holy! holy! thrice holy is Brahma!"

Meanwhile, at her words, the great mass before her had raised their hands so that thousands were lifted towards her, as though in adoration; and those who had the courage to look upon her, not many, shrank to the ground again as they marked the awful light upon her countenance.

And now the Nena advanced to venture his great stake—the absolute proof of Lota's devotion to India, and the perfect evidence of her sanctification, by forcing her, before the assembled people, to sacrifice her child.

"Lota," he said, in English, "his time has come."

"Whose?"

She answered him in a frightened, simple way, as though she were fascinated.

"Thy child's."

"My—child's?"

"He must die!"

She did not turn and face him.

A shudder passed through her frame, so that the wretched man could mark her whole body vibrate.

"Do you hear, Lota?"

"No, no!" she pleaded, and in such loud, wailing accents, that the hosts before her, all their eyes upon the ground, rock backwards and forwards in their awe.

"Choose," says the Nena, still speaking sweetly and humbly—"choose between thy child and thy husband!"

She did not answer.

The strange look became intensified, and her lips parted.

"He is in my power," says the Nena. "If thou wilt not sacrifice the child, who is very ailing and might die, thou wilt be thy husband's murderer!"

"Husband!" she says weakly, as though calling to him; but the Parsee cannot hear the entreating word. Perchance it is well for him he does not hear it, or may be he would start forth and proclaim himself.

Has it been said this Parsee was very near the marble terrace?

He was not ten yards from the spot where stood Lota, facing the grand setting sun.

"Choose," says the Nena.

"Husband—child!" She does not ask herself the question, "How comes Olive in this man's power?" Her broken, failing mind can only grasp the idea of choosing between the life of the man and the life of the child.

Of all this agony the Parsee can have no knowledge, for the words between Lota and the Nena are whispered, and all about him the Hindoos are swiftly murmuring their evening prayers, as they are now half turned to Lota and half to the subsiding sun.

"Husband—child!"

Who that has been through awful scenes of agony needs be told how swift the mind is to decide in supreme moments. Nor need observers of men be told how often it happens that a weak mind in extremity will show signs of strength.

To Lota had now arrived a supreme, swift moment of her life. Hers was not naturally a weak mind, but it was broken. Even in the awful energy of those moments she did not grasp the thought of defying the Nena with the power he had created through her and her alone.

And this is how she decided.

"Husband—child! The child is partly of myself; then if he die, 'tis partly I who die. If Olive cease to live, that dies in which I have no part."

And so, in a frightened, haggard voice, she cries, "Let my child be slain!"

Again the mass of hands was raised, and sweeping cries of "Holy, holy!" floated over the marble terrace.

The Nena gave a sign to the right, and which apparently had been waited for.

But as this sign was made a voice, faint, yet clear, cried, "LOTA!"

Then before the marble terrace fell a human form dressed as a Parsee.

Lota uttered a responsive cry, but it was drowned in the words—

"A miracle! a miracle! Behold, she hath converted a Parsee!"

And the speaker helped to raise the Parsee, and he and others bore the miserable man almost to the feet of Lota.

She perched eagerly amidst the crowd, which falling open, the senseless figure lay almost at her feet.

HER HUSBAND!

In a moment, now, she comprehended the *was* the Nena had played.

Another moment, and raising her hands, she cried so loudly that all there heard her—

"THE SACRIFICE IS FORBIDDEN!"

And, as though in answer to her words, there came the long, low "boom" of a cannon.

"Thy son is dead," whispered the Nena; "that shot carried him forth into space from the mouth of a cannon!"

A moment, and that glimmer of wild light which had appeared throughout the scene upon her face changed to the blaze of awful madness.

She stretched her hands, looked to the heavens, and crying, as though inspired, "Brahma!" she fell on her knees.

As her senses left her, a calamity which had been threatening her throughout that ordeal, some dim recollection of the god to whom she had appealed as a child shut out the memory of the Christian God, and she fell forward, calling for mercy on the Jehovah of the Indians.

These looked up in a whirlwind of fear upon her face.

Her cry of "Brahma!" following the consummation of her sacrifice in the destruction of her child, the Hindoos naturally supposed that, in accordance with the promise the Nena had circulated, that "Brahma" had appeared in the "high blue heaven," and that the prophetess was contemplating the "Great Being."

The Nena, of course, comprehended the course events had taken.

"She is mad," he thought; and, as he thus thought, though he had hypocritically fallen to his knees, he smiled.

He was triumphant.

She had done all he required her to do, and now that madness which had silenced her voice against him confirmed the belief in her sanctity.

But the Nena had yet one more advantage to gain.

The mass of people, turning in a wonderment which overcame their fear from the face of Lota to the countenance of heaven, to which she in her unknowing madness was looking, they marked nothing but the blue expanse of the broad skies.

"Oh, ye faithful!" cried the Nena, "seek ye the infinite? Brahma has appeared only to Lota, and behold! his spirit has passed into her heart, and she herself is as dead, for she knows not who she is, and smiles at ye without knowledge of whom ye are. Brahma has appeared, and India is free!"

Then great cries arose, and the Hindoos strove amongst each other who first should touch the hem of her white garment.

Where now was the Parsee?

He had been carried on one side, and was forgotten.

She had sat down upon the white marble terrace, and took no heed, as she played with a flower, of the struggling people, who,



however eager to get near her, pressed back as they approached her presence.

Each laid his right fore-finger on the hem of her dress, so that long before all there present had touched the white dress its hem had become soiled and black.

As for the Nena, he had long since, in his triumphant majesty, drawn his white garments from the mob; and he lay in the palace triumphant and at peace.

All these particulars you shall hear in good time, but I hasten to tell you at once that in three days from that date Dr. Phil learnt how he had wronged Lady St. Maur, for one of the batch of sepoy surprised by the 9th Lancers (6), ere the man was shot away, gave such information of the poor lady, that even before Sir Henry Lawrence drew his sword for the last time, the 3—th all knew that Lady St. Maur was no traitress, but had fled in the sacred search after her little child.

(To be continued in our next.)

(b) MUTINOUS SEPOYS SURPRISED BY THE 9TH LANCERS.—The Oriental race are said to be thieves, and the Bengalee sepoy is no exception to the general rule. During the revolt it frequently happened that the love of "loot" operated with him as a predisposing cause to mutiny. The illustration on a preceding page represents a party of the rebels at the moment of their being intercepted by a troop of Lancers, as they are hurrying along with cart-loads of plunder. The mutineers, it will be noticed—glad to get rid of the English uniform, which is only fitted to impede their movements, and is totally unsuited for Oriental—wear their native dresses, but take care to retain the Government accoutrements. The plunder they were making off with when the Lancers came up with them so opportunely, consisted of cart-loads of silver plate, bags of rupees, and such articles as they thought they could turn to general use.

DELHI.—We record here another of the escapes from Delhi. Dr. Watson, escaping from Delhi, was stripped on the road to Karnal. He says:—"I proceeded, naked as when I was born, towards Karnal, in the hope that I might overtake the officers and ladies who had fled in that direction; but before I had proceeded a mile I saw two sowars, who had evidently fallen in overtaking their officers. They rode up to me with drawn swords and exclaimed, 'Farruge! hi! marea, marea!' I threw myself into a supplicating position, and, being intimate with the Mahomedan religion, and speaking the Hindostani, I commenced uttering the most profound praises in behalf of their prophet Mahomet, and begged they would spare my life if they believed that I was a Mahomedan. They then said, 'I made every moral appeal to them (after capturing the first one they made at my throat, which I did by falling down—being wounded, could not reach me); my entreaties were listened to, and they let me go, saying, 'Had you not asked for mercy in the name of the Prophet, you should have died like the rest of the k-firs; I was dreadfully excited and could scarcely stand, but as I felt that I must proceed I continued my journey. A rumour now was set on foot that several sowars had been deputed to hunt for the Farruges in the different villages, and it was considered prudent that I should quit Badli under the escort of a Faqeer Jogie. This man came and offered to convey me anywhere that I might please, but stated that it was not safe a moment for me to remain where I was. I then started for Baranah, where I remained the night. This Faqeer at his friend's dyed my skin and gave me necklaces of beads (coral), and to assume the garb of a Faqeer myself. After making all preparations to pass as a Faqeer I commenced my pilgrimage with him. He took me to several villages and passed me off as a Cashmeree, 'Dadoo Panter, Faqeer Jogie.' In all the villages that I passed I was cross-questioned; but understanding their 'Joth' religion and oaths, I met with every kindness, some giving me pice, others food. The Hindoos all expressed the most merciful feelings towards the Farruges, while the Mahomedans could not disguise their murderous feelings. I was taken to a village to the house of Serak Doss, Sant Faqeer Kubbere; an interesting tale of religion, food being able to recall several Kubberees. He received me in every kindness. I told him I was a Cashmeree; but the sage could not reconcile his mind that I was a Cashmeree with blue eyes. He said, 'Your language, gesture, clothes, &c. are all complete, but your blue eyes betray you—you are surely a Farruge.' I disclosed to him that I was Nevertheless, as I had acquired the Kubberees oaths, he continued to behave the same." Dr. Watson finally reached Bareilly in safety.

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.—OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARRAPARILLA.—In early spring, when the system must be charged with bad humours, a course of this blood-purifying medicine is very beneficial. It clears the face and body from all blotches and pimples, purges from the system the taint of mercury, and gives new blood and new life to the invalid. Mothers should use it for the sake of their infants, and no sea-captain or emigrant should be without it on the sea voyage. Sold everywhere.—Chief Depot, 181, Fleet street, London. Important Caution.—Get the red and blue wrappers, with the old doctor's head in the centre. None other are genuine.—[Advertisement]

"THE FOOD AND LUXURY OF THE AGE."—No family should ever be without "MAIZENA," either as a diet for the feeble, or as a luxury for the strong. It was pronounced by the jury of the late Exhibition (who awarded to it the only prize medal for corn flour), "EXCEEDINGLY EXCELLENT FOR FOOD."—[Advertisement]

MR. JOHN ROUSE, 85, St. James-place, Plumstead, says: "Feb. 8, 1864. For a cough of thirty-three years' standing, Hall's Lung Restorer has been of more service to me than all the medicines I ever tried." Sold in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., &c. by T. Hall, 6, Commercial-street, Shoreditch, London, N.E., and all chemists.—Advertisement

CHURCH CLOCKS.—"A more splendid and exquisitely finished piece of mechanism we have never seen."—Standard. Clocks by the first artists of the day for the drawing-room, dining room, bedroom, library, hall, staircase, bracket, carriage, church, turret, railways, warehouse, counting-house, musical, and astronomical. Church and turret clocks specially estimated. Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Clocks (free by post for two stamps), with descriptions and prices, enables those who live in any part of the world to select a clock. Also a short Pamphlet on Cathedral and public clocks, free for one stamp. Price Medal and Honourable Mention in Classes 53 and 15. J. W. Benson, 53 and 54, Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and Clock Maker, by Special Warrant of Appointment, to H.B.H. the Prince of Wales.—[Advertisement]

# HOME FOR LITTLE BOYS AT TOTTENHAM.

On Saturday, Mr. Robert Hanbury, M.P., the president, invited a select circle to meet him at Coombs Croft House, Tottenham, which has been fitted up as a Home for little boys of ten years and under, for whom no other institution makes provision. From a circular handed to the company it appears that "Not one of the refugees or homes for outcast and destitute children, or those verging on crime, admits little boys under ten years of age. Some idea of the number of these little ones may be formed from the fact that, during the year 1862, no fewer than 311 boys under ten years of age were apprehended by the metropolitan police for various offences. Of these seventy-nine were convicted and punished, while 232 were discharged by the magistrates, many of them it is feared, only hereafter to become adepts in crime, if not now rescued. As many as fifty have been rejected by one institution in a single year on the score of age. At present it is impossible to assist one of them. It has therefore been determined to open a Home for Little Boys, unconvicted of crime, from six to ten years of age. They will be retained till eleven, and if not then otherwise provided for, will be transferred to existing institutions for older children of the same class. The committee have secured suitable premises at Tottenham, lately in the possession of the London Society for the Protection of Young Females. There is accommodation for nearly one hundred inmates, but the extent to which the committee may be able to go must, of course, depend entirely on the amount of their subscriptions. If the full number were admitted, it would then only partially meet the present want. A certain number of inmates will be admitted free, by the election of subscribers; others on payment of 5s. weekly, according to the discretion of the committee. An election of inmates to be admitted free will take place on Tuesday, the 5th of April, when six boys will be elected. All subscribers up to the day of election will be entitled to vote."

After the luncheon was over, the CHAIRMAN said that they would scarcely expect him to detain them at any length on that occasion with respect to the objects of the home. It was intended to provide a refuge for children of the same class as were found in the refugees, homes, and industrial schools throughout the metropolis, but of a more tender age than was consistent with the rules of these institutions relating to admission. They would receive little children who were destitute, who were likely to become vagrants and idle wanderers, or who had been left orphans, or whose parents had forsaken them. Some very interesting cases had already applied for admission. One child was left at home all day long with another, while the mother went out to work. Another child, aged nine, was given to pilfering, and had already been expelled from three schools. (Hear, and a laugh.) In another very interesting case the child was too young for admission to any existing institution but the one they were now establishing. There was no institution to which such a child could be admitted when he was under ten years of age, except the orphan institutions, which were mostly difficult of access, except to children of the better class. They had been anxious for several years to form such an institution as this. A magistrate from the north of England, writing to express his approval of the scheme, said that it often gave him the greatest pain to punish such little children. (Hear, hear.)

Sir Morton Peto, the Rev. Alexander Raleigh, Mr. Chambers, Q.C., Mr. Samuel Thornton, and Mr. Samuel Morley, in excellent and appropriate addresses, severally expressed their very cordial approbation of the objects of the institution, and their earnest hopes for its permanent success.

Mr. PAYNE said that what they had heard of this institution disclosed—1, forgotten duties recollected; 2, the innocent of crime protected; 3, the small in wisdom's ways directed; and 4, the great with Gospel plans connected. (Applause.) They must take care that they "started quite soon enough," taking the children young; "played quite tame enough," by letting people know all about it; "showed quite moon enough," by borrowing light as to the best regulations from the best institutions; and "used quite spoon enough," by keeping the whole affair well stirred up together. (Loud laughter.) After a variety of humorous observations, which elicited continuous laughter, Mr. Payne concluded by reading his 1955th poetical tail-piece, which was as follows:—

Hark! I hear the pleasant sound;  
Tiny feet are pattering round;  
Surely, from the merry noise,  
'Tis a "Home for Little Boys."

Charles the First was tyrant styled;  
Charles the Second reekon'd wild;  
Charles the Third his time employs,  
On a "Home for Little Boys."

'Tis will not a Tartar prove,  
Nor in reckless riot move;  
But will mingle books with toys,  
In the "Home for Little Boys."

Hanbury will add impart;  
Friend to all that springs from heart:  
Skillful rule will rule the poise,  
In the "Home for Little Boys."

Some who would have had the power,  
Were they here, to grace this hour;  
Bending from sublime joys,  
Hall the "Home for Little Boys."

May they, by the Gospel heard,  
May they, by the written word;  
Find the food that never cloy,  
In the "Home for Little Boys."

If they live, and grow, and thrive,  
Keeping all they've learn'd alive;  
They will, spite of earth's alloy,  
Bless the "Home for Little Boys."

And, if life should be cut short,—  
Through the lessons kindly taught,  
By a heaven of endless joys  
Be the "Home for Little Boys."

Ye who feel for children's cares,  
Give your substance, give your prayers,  
Without boast, or trumpet's noise,  
To the "Home for Little Boys."

The learned gentleman was loudly applauded on resuming his seat.

It was announced that the subscriptions received in the room that day were £151 in donations, and £90 in annual subscriptions, making a total fund to commence with of £1,100. This statement elicited great applause.

A vote of thanks was then passed to Mr. Hanbury, coupled (as it was his birthday) with a wish for "Many happy returns of the day."

Mr. HANBURY returned thanks, and the proceedings terminated.

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The collection contains the Largest and Best-trained Group of Lions in Europe.

A Group of Performing Dogs &c.

The Eldest and P. Forming Business Elephants.

The only Male Rhinoceros in the Country.

A pair of Polar Bears.

The Nyl Ghaz, or Horned Horse of India.

A Giraffe, and a Hippopotamus.

A Full-grown Calf of a Lion and a Lioness.

A Group of Barbary Lions and Lionesses, with Bengal Tiger.

A Large Variety of Foreign Birds.

A Case of Reptiles.

Monkeys of all kinds.

A Double-hump Camel, five weeks old.

Dromedaries, Llamas, and Alpaca.

The Sphinx, or Sacred Bull of India.

Byron, or River Buffalo.

A Pair of very fine Lion Cubs, and a Hard of Kangaroo and Young.

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